

Common Ground

How Deep Are the Roots?

Part II—Carey McWilliams

PEOPLE IN MOTION Robert M. Cullum

JOURNEY OF RECONCILIATION Homer A. Jack

THE "LOST GENERATION" OF DUTCH AMERICANS

Arnold Mulder

FARAWAY THE SPRING Richard Hagopian

"I HOPE I AM NOT ABUNDANT" Marie Syrkin

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SONGS FOR OUR NATION OF NATIONS

Langston Hughes

— *and others* —

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HOW DEEP ARE THE ROOTS? PART II

CAREY McWILLIAMS

(This is the second of two articles by Carey McWilliams for COMMON GROUND, tracing the developing pattern of anti-Semitism in the United States: "first social discrimination, then increasing economic discrimination, and, finally, overt organized political anti-Semitism." They will form part of Mr. McWilliams' important book on the subject called The Yellow Myth, which Little Brown will publish in the autumn. The first of the two articles appeared in the Summer 1947 issue.)

IN THE annals of the American Jewish Yearbook the years from 1910 to 1916 seem to mark a noticeable upsurge in anti-Semitism. Articles in the press by Jewish writers commented upon a "deep-seated and widespread antipathy" against Jews and pointed to the existence, "under an apparently calm surface, of a general antagonism." In 1909 Ray Stannard Baker reported that the Christian churches in America had "awakened as never before to the so-called Jewish problem" and had intensified their proselytizing activities. Social discrimination was the subject of numerous reports and much comment (see The American Magazine for December 1914). In a series of articles, Norman Hapgood pointed out that a sharp line sep-

arated Jews from Gentiles in America and concluded that anti-Semitic prejudice was becoming more distinct. "Americans do not deprive Jews of any rights," he wrote, "but they do not on the whole like them" (Harper's Weekly, November 13, 1915). In fact, Hapgood concluded that the situation in America in 1915 was approximately the same as in Germany. For in Germany, too, the cruder forms of discrimination were unknown in 1915. "There is no pale of settlement, no denial of ordinary education. The discrimination is in the upper walks of life, in general exclusion from participation in university, political, and military life." Dr. Richard Gottheil reported that "social ostracism" was increasing in America, and John Foster Fraser, in one of the first anti-Semitic books published in this country, snarlingly observed that "the white-skinned American has a feeling of repulsion from the Jew. . . . The antipathy for the Jew is only surpassed by the general recognition that the Negro should be kept in a state of perpetual inferiority" (The Conquering Jew, 1916).

The formation of the Anti-Defamation League in 1913 and the enactment in that year of a civil-rights statute in New York (passed at the request of Jewish organizations) indicate that American Jews had come to sense a distinct change in the

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social atmosphere. "Of late years," reads the American Jewish Yearbook, "various hotelkeepers have advertised extensively in the newspapers and through circulars, and by means of other publications, that Jews or Hebrews are not accepted as guests; that Hebrew patronage is not solicited or desired. Railroad companies and steamboat companies have issued folders in which appear similar advertisements." That anti-Semitic prejudices were becoming more pronounced is shown, also, in the calling of a conference in 1915 on "racial prejudice against Jews" and by continued "incidents" of social discrimination. For example, J. McKean Cattell of Columbia University resigned, about this time, from the Century Club in protest against the rejection of the application of the distinguished scientist, Dr. Jacques Loeb of the Rockefeller Institute. What significance can be found in this upsurge of anti-Semitism?

II

In the period following 1880, rapid industrialization created in the United States an enormous demand for workers at a time when the flow of immigrants from Great Britain, France, and Germany had begun to abate in response to a similar industrial expansion in these countries. Since so many native-born Americans were constantly drawn westward by the promise of new economic opportunities, a vacuum was created in the industrial centers which was filled by shifting the point of recruitment to the south, east, and southeastern portions of Europe, where the great bulk of the European Jews resided. In these areas industrialism was either retarded or was being developed on so narrow an economic base as to bring about a determination to expel rather than attract workers. For example, Russian industry was operated on far too narrow a base to absorb

a large addition to her urban classes, while a rising non-Jewish middle class in Poland had begun to clamor for the jobs and functions that had been filled for many years by Jews (*The Rise of the Jew in the Western World* by Uriah Zevi Engelman, 1944).

The assassination of Czar Alexander II on March 13, 1881, provided the Russian government with an excuse for launching a movement deliberately aimed at forcing the Jews within the Pale of Settlement to emigrate. Over 165 pogroms were reported in southern Russia alone and these pogroms were followed by the enactment of the May Laws of May 3, 1882. Anti-Semitism became, in the phrase of Solomon F. Bloom, "a settled policy of the state, a policy implemented by 'spontaneous' outbursts of suborned mobs." Much the same motivation prompted the enactment of severe anti-Semitic measures in Rumania and Austria in the latter part of the 19th century.

Terrified by the prospect of their own countries being flooded with Jewish immigrants, the well-placed Jews of western Europe hit upon the idea of directing this stream of emigration to America. At a time when Great Britain was receiving only about 2,500 Jewish immigrants a year (New York City alone was then receiving about 11,000 a month), Parliament adopted the Aliens Act of 1906 aimed at excluding further Jewish immigration. The effect of this measure, and of similar measures enacted on the continent, was to shunt the refugees across the Atlantic. Sharing the alarm of their well-placed brothers in Europe, the German-Jews in America brought great pressure to bear upon the government to remonstrate against anti-Semitic measures in Russia. Thus President Harrison, in a message to Congress of December 9, 1891, said that "a decree to leave one country is in the nature of things an order to enter

another—some other. *This consideration, as well as the suggestion of humanity, furnishes ample ground for the remonstrances which we have presented to Russia*” (emphasis added). That the remonstrances were unavailing, however, is shown by the arrival of 1,467,266 Jews from Russia, Rumania, and Austria between 1880 and 1910, an average for the period of 48,908 a year.

When the East European Jews landed in Boston and New York, no tide of westward expansion carried them beyond the ports of entry. A definite pattern of urban immigrant settlement had been established by 1880, and into this slum-complex the Jews were inexorably drawn. Moving into already established “foreign” sections, crowding the tenements to overflowing, they took the places in industry previously filled by earlier immigrants. Since most of them were incredibly poor (40 per cent arrived with less than thirty dollars) and had families to support, they took whatever jobs were available. In the ’80s the garment industry, in which many of them had worked, was at about the same level of technological development in the United States as in Europe. This factor, as well as the lack of training in other crafts, the absence of strict apprenticeship requirements, and the circumstance that the industry was largely controlled by German-Jews, brought large numbers of them into the needle trades.

While the Orthodox East European Jews were culturally more sharply set apart from the native-born population than the German-Jews, what really distinguished the two groups was the fact that the German-Jews had settled here fifty years earlier, under far more favorable circumstances, and were already “Americanized.” Actually many of the German-Jews were from Posen, Moravia, and other provinces right on the frontier of Eastern Europe and might well have been re-

garded as Eastern Jews themselves. Fearful of their hard-won and already threatened status, the German-Jews at first looked down upon their eastern brothers “as a grotesque species of ill-bred savages,” although, at a later date, external pressures forced them to come to the aid of their “unprepossessing co-religionists.”

If one may judge public opinion by the periodical press, then the first great waves of Jewish immigration provoked little adverse comment. In fact, the East European Jews seem to have aroused a mixture of contempt and pity rather than a feeling of competitive hostility. Since so many of them were concentrated in the needle trades in New York, they were removed to some extent from direct competition with other groups. Furthermore, the sympathies of the American people had been aroused by the repressive measures enacted in Russia—and by the pogroms. That the demagogic A.P.A. (American Protective Association) movement of the late ’80s and ’90s ignored the Jews is, perhaps, the best confirmation of this fact. In general, the public’s reaction justifies Oscar Handlin’s conclusion that “there was no correlation at all between the arrival of foreigners and the intensity of the hostility to them” (*Foreign Influences in American Life*, 1944). Just as the German-Jews had not aroused much in the way of enmity until they came to be sensed as competitors, so the East European Jews were largely ignored until the second generation began to impinge on the native middle class. While heavy Jewish immigration had something to do with the rise of a strong anti-alien movement after 1900, the correlation is neither direct nor causal. The reaction to Jewish immigration was a delayed reaction, as shown by the fact that the anti-alien movement reached its maximum strength fifty years after the commencement of large-scale Jewish immigration and at a

time when Jewish immigration had already begun to decline.

The explanation for this "delayed reaction" has been pointed out by Dr. A. L. Severson. Studying discriminatory want-ads in the Chicago press, Dr. Severson concluded that the basic factor underlying opposition to the employment of Jews and Catholics was "the flow into the clerical market of second-generation East Europeans." This movement did not reach significant proportions until about 1910. For example, Severson found no discrimination against Jews reflected in the want-ad columns from 1872 to 1911. Beginning in the latter year, however, ads requesting "Christians only" or "Gentiles only" appeared at the rate of 0.3 per 1,000, rose to 4 per cent in 1921, to 8.8 per cent in 1923, to 13.3 in 1926; averaged 11 from 1927 to 1931; dropped to 4.8 in 1931; and then rose to 9.4 in 1937. Most of the discriminatory ads were for female office employees, indicating that the second-generation girls were beginning to seek white-collar employment. The first discriminatory resort ad, incidentally, appeared in 1913.

If Dr. Severson's thesis is accepted, then one can say that it was not East European Jewish immigration, per se, that touched off latent prejudices; nor was it any "cultural conflict" between Jews and non-Jews. The decisive factor was the appearance, on the clerical labor market, of a new group of competitors who could be identified for purposes of discrimination (American Journal of Sociology, January, 1939). The moment this happened, the doors to clerical and white-collar jobs began to be slammed in the face of Jewish applicants in much the same manner that the doors of the Grand Union Hotel had been slammed in the face of Joseph Seligman.

Prior to 1880, the immigrant's chief task had been the relatively easy one of

"Americanizing" himself in a rural environment or frontier community. But with the rise of industrialism the position of the immigrant was rapidly transformed. As more immigrants became workingmen, their problems were easily confused with the issues which were beginning to generate conflict between capital and labor. As a consequence, all immigrants suffered a loss of prestige in the eyes of those who were determined to maintain the traditional American pattern of an open society. It was this change in the status of immigrants, not the change in the character of immigration after 1880, that accounts for the new attitudes toward the "alien" and "the foreigner." Thus, as Stow Persons has pointed out, "the most striking aspect of the immigrant problem in industrial America has been the tendency on the part of native Americans to transform the economic and social conflicts of industrialism into culture conflicts wherever the immigrant has been concerned" (*Foreign Influences in American Life*).

While avoiding the use of the word "Jewish" as far as possible, a myth was evolved about the East European Jews based upon a point-by-point comparison with the "desirable" German-Jew. This distinction made it possible for people to be anti-Semitic while professing great admiration for certain successful Jews. The presence of a large mass of "unassimilated" East European Jews had the effect, also, of compelling the German-Jews to acquiesce in the Maginot Line of discrimination that was being erected against them in the upper walks of society. Since they were being politely excepted from the "undesirable" category, they could hardly afford to challenge the validity of the distinction. At the same time, the stiffening of opposition to "undesirable" Jews gave an added impetus to social discrimination which the German-Jews con-

sistently rationalized as trivial and sought to evade by parallel social institutions which served in turn to emphasize differences.

III

In 1911, America, along with the rest of the civilized world, had been deeply shocked by the Beilis "ritual murder" trial in Europe. Even in pogrom-ridden Europe, ritual murder prosecutions seemed utterly anachronistic in 1911, a grisly survival of medieval superstition. But that a ritual murder trial, bedecked with fancy nativistic trimmings, could take place in the United States was a possibility that never occurred to the writers of indignant American editorials devoted to the Beilis case.

On April 27, 1913, the dead body of Mary Phagan, fourteen years of age, was found in a pencil factory in Marietta, Georgia. Leo Frank, a young Jew, twenty-nine years of age, a graduate of Cornell University, was part-owner and manager of the factory. In a note written before her death, Mary Phagan had charged an unnamed Negro with having assaulted her in the factory. At the time of the crime, Frank and a Negro, Jim Conley, were the only persons in the building. Yet the law-enforcement officials lost no time in convicting Frank on the uncorroborated testimony of the Negro. For the word of a Negro to be given this weight in a murder prosecution against a white man in Georgia was, in itself, a rather remarkable manifestation of anti-Semitic prejudice.

Prior to 1913, Tom Watson, the Georgia demagogue, had been violently anti-Catholic; but apparently he had never realized, before the Frank case, that Jews could be made the target of a vicious demagogic attack. But no pogrom organizer in Czarist Russia ever levelled a more savage, ruthless, and unprincipled

attack against Jews than Watson did in this case. "Every student of sociology knows," he wrote, "that the black man's lust after the white woman is not much fiercer than the lust of the licentious Jew for the Gentile." Parenthetically, it is interesting to note that, in this campaign, Watson used certain conclusions of the distinguished American sociologist, Dr. Edward A. Ross, to bolster his demagoguery.

When the Governor of Georgia commuted Frank's sentence, Watson denounced him as "King of the Jews." While Watson's Magazine was screaming for his blood in a long series of inflammatory articles and editorials, poor Frank was beaten to a pulp and knifed by white and Negro prisoners. Later, on August 16, 1915, he was taken from the prison hospital by a mob and hanged on the outskirts of Marietta. Following the lynching, Watson continued to repeat the old charge of ritual murder against the Jews and denounced the world-wide campaign to save Mendel Beilis as the same type of "conspiracy" that had won freedom for Dreyfus.

Looked at coldly, what was there to distinguish the Leo Frank case from the Beilis case? Mendel Beilis managed to escape death in Kiev, Russia, under the Czar in 1911; but Leo Frank was lynched in Georgia, U.S.A., in 1915. The innocence of Frank, established by careful investigations, is today universally admitted. In light of the Frank case, how could it any longer be said that there was some special elixir about the American environment that made it immune to the virus of anti-Semitism? Yet precisely this contention continued to be voiced, by Jew and Gentile, long afterwards.

Born in Georgia in 1856, the son of a Georgia squire, Tom Watson had been an outstanding progressive, a leader of the Populist Party, and "the first native white

southern leader of importance to treat the Negro's aspirations with the seriousness that human strivings deserve" (Tom Watson: *Agrarian Rebel* by C. Vann Woodward, 1938). Robbed of two elections to Congress by fraud and violence, Watson had become embittered and had turned against his old Negro allies in Georgia. The champion of Negro rights in the '90s, he led the fight to disenfranchise Negroes in 1906, with its tragic sequel in the Atlanta race riot of that year. Old friends and supporters began to ask, "What is the matter with Tom Watson?" and one observer said, "He is like a hydrophobic animal . . . he is snapping and biting at nearly everything nowadays." One cannot recite these bare facts of the Watson story without realizing that the culture that produced these two Tom Watsons was, in some sense, a schizoid culture.

IV

In its report on the war years, the American Jewish Yearbook concludes on the optimistic note that "the termination of hostilities has brought to an end the abnormal conditions which . . . resulted in a number of instances of anti-Jewish discrimination." And then, like a thunderclap, Henry Ford's Dearborn Independent in the issue of May 20, 1920, suddenly discovered "the Jewish problem." There had been, of course, some premonitory rumblings from the Sage of Dearborn. During the war years, he had vaguely intimated that "a small clique" was pushing President Wilson toward war. Later Ford said that it was not until about 1916, "on the peace ship," that "the full importance of the subject came into view."

The son of an Irish immigrant, born on a farm near Dearborn in 1863, Ford had become by 1920 a world-famous figure, an oracle whose views were eagerly solicited on every domestic and international question. Nothing reflects the ter-

rrible swiftness with which America had made the transition from the Frontier to the Big Money quite as vividly as Ford's career. Incorporated in 1903, by 1923 the Ford Motor Company had assets of \$536,000,000 and its revenues averaged \$8,000,000 a month. The genesis of Ford's anti-Semitism is to be found, therefore, not in the influence of sinister forces close to the throne, but in the circumstances by which this country boy with a talent for tinkering with machines had become overnight a multi-millionaire and an elder statesman.

It would be difficult to overestimate the damage which Ford's vicious, persistent, and heavily financed anti-Semitic campaign caused the Jews of the world. From 1920 to 1927, the Dearborn Independent conducted a relentless anti-Jewish crusade. With a circulation of 700,000 copies, the paper had a powerful grassroots following, particularly in the Middle West. From the pages of the Independent, anti-Semitic diatribes were collected, edited, and published in book form: *The International Jew*, *Jewish Activities in the United States*, *Jewish Influences in American Life*, and *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*. No figures are available to indicate how many copies of these four volumes were published, but they came off the presses in a seemingly unending stream and circulated throughout the world. What made these volumes doubly poisonous was the circumstance that they carried the imprint, not of some crackpot publisher in an alleyway of Chicago, but of one of the most famous industrialists of the world.

It is one of the cruel ironies of history that the savage anti-Semitism which developed in Germany after the First World War should have been stimulated by an American industrialist who, in a number of respects, was so typical a product of American culture. If one correlates the

period of Ford's active anti-Semitism with developments in Germany for the same period, it is apparent that Hitler began where Ford left off. In addition to supplying the Nazis with ammunition for their propaganda machine, direct financial aid seems to have been involved (see *The Tragedy of Henry Ford* by Jonathan Leonard, 1932, p. 208). Ford's subsequent employment of Fritz Kuhn, his association with Lindbergh, and his acceptance of the Grand Order of the Great Eagle from the Nazis, indicate that his recantation of June 30, 1927, was not the "handsome apology" it was thought to be. The world will never know, perhaps, the full story of how the impecunious anti-Semites of middle Europe financed their campaigns in the postwar period. But a clue may be found in the testimony of a witness in a suit brought by Adolph Hitler against a newspaper in Germany. This witness testified that, at the outset, most of Hitler's financial support had come from America and from Czechoslovakia.

Nowadays it has generally been forgotten that, as part of this campaign, Ford tried to manufacture an American Dreyfus case. For three years, the Dearborn Independent sought to pin a murder charge on Captain Rosenbluth in connection with the accidental death of another officer in an Army post near Tacoma. Although a military court of inquiry had found that the death was accidental, the Independent went to incredible lengths to make it appear that this finding had been brought about by sinister influences working "behind-the-scenes." It has been estimated that over \$200,000 was spent in the successful effort to extricate Captain Rosenbluth from these unfounded and utterly malicious charges. Dragged through the state and federal courts, the Rosenbluth case might easily have become an American Dreyfus case had it not been for the vigilance of

the leaders of American Jewry, notably Felix M. Warburg and Herbert H. Lehman.

By a curious lapse of memory, most Americans have also forgotten that Ford's campaign was not an isolated adventure. In fact, it was part of a loosely organized nationwide anti-Semitic campaign, the first in American history (see *Anti-Semitism in the United States* by Lee J. Levinger, 1925; and *Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences*, Volume II). Revived in 1916, the Ku Klux Klan first began to attract a large mass following in 1920 when Ford launched his campaign against the Jews. Both campaigns were part of a larger anti-alien movement which culminated with the passage of the Immigration Act of 1924. Coming when the need for a liberal immigration policy was never more obvious, the passage of this act profoundly shocked the leaders of American Jewry. As Louis Marshall pointed out in a memorandum to Congress: "For the first time in the history of American legislation there has been an attempt to discriminate in regard to European immigration between those who come from different parts of the continent. It is not only a differentiation as to countries of origin, but also of racial status and of religious beliefs." That the debate on the measure took the form of a discussion of "quotas" and "restrictions" cannot disguise the fact that it was aimed directly at the exclusion of further Jewish immigration. Proponents of the measure said that it was aimed at the Jews and suggested that "we might just as well be frank about it."

Passage of this act marks a turning point in modern Jewish history. For the act had the effect of barring the principal avenue of escape for the Jews of Eastern Europe and of riveting their attention more firmly than ever upon Palestine as an ultimate homeland. Cut off from fur-

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ther numerical reinforcements, the Jews in the United States were forced to depend upon themselves, to develop an American Judaism. The measure altered the physical basis of American Jewish life, shaped the structure of Jewish institutions, and profoundly influenced the social psychology of American Jews. For example, passage of the act accelerated the movement of the second generation into white-collar occupations. In the period from 1900 to 1925, about 50 per cent of Jewish immigration had been absorbed in industry and the handicraft trades; but after 1924 the Jewish population tended to become predominantly middle class (see *Jews in the Contemporary World* by Abram Leon Sachar, 1939, where the effect of the act upon American Jewish life is discussed in detail).

Seen in this perspective, it is apparent that the anti-Semitic movement after the first World War was not a crazy "flash-in-the-pan" affair but a reflection of forces long maturing in American life. The movement collapsed, in fact, largely because these forces had not yet reached full maturity. Whoever it was who prepared *The International Jew* for Mr. Ford was clearly aware that organized anti-Semitism belonged more to the future than to the period from 1920 to 1927. On page 56, for example, one reads that "anti-Semitism in almost every form is bound to come to the United States"; again, on page 64, "anti-Semitism will come to America"; and, on page 66, "the whole problem will center here" (emphasis is added). Actually Ford had been rebuked more for the violence with which he had expressed his views than for his anti-Semitism per se. Henry Adams Gibbons said at the time what other publicists were saying who also "deplored" Ford's anti-Semitism: "For the Jews it is either into the melting pot or back to the Ghetto" ("The Jewish Problem," Cen-

tury, 1921). After 1920 the existence of anti-Semitism in the United States had become, as Mr. Gibbons said, "a demonstrated fact."

"Lately," wrote Louis Weitzenkorn in *The Nation* of May 4, 1921, "I have been made aware of my Jewishness." Certainly the pattern of anti-Semitic incidents after 1920, quite apart from Ford's campaign and the revival of the KKK, was in itself sufficient to reawaken a consciousness of Jewish identity in thousands of American Jews. In February 1922, the head of placement in a Chicago employment office reported that 67 per cent of the requests for employees specified that Jews were not wanted. A survey of teacher agencies in the Middle West in 1925 revealed that from 95 per cent to 98 per cent of the calls for teachers requested "Protestants only." In August 1922, the Sharon, Connecticut, Chamber of Commerce distributed a leaflet requesting property owners not to sell to Jews. A Bulletin of the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce advocated specific restrictions against "the Hebrew element." The board of directors of a Milwaukee golf club asked eight Jewish charter members to resign. Well-documented charges were filed that the American consular service was honeycombed with anti-Semites (*The Nation*, June 22, 1921). On June 21, 1927, three Jewish internes in Kings County Hospital in New York were dragged out of bed in the middle of the night, bound, gagged, and ducked in a bathtub of ice water. An official inquiry later confirmed charges of anti-Semitic practices and policies in this institution. When a four-year-old girl disappeared at Massena, New York, on September 22, 1928, the local rabbi was called to answer charges of "ritual murder" on the Day of Atonement. The secretary of the Chamber of Commerce in St. Petersburg, Florida, announced that the time had come to make St. Petersburg "a 100

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per cent American Gentile City." An official in Bryan County, Georgia, acknowledged that Jews were automatically excluded from jury polls in that area. A pamphlet distributed by several large real estate companies in New York complained of an increase in the number of Jewish realtors. Several large real estate subdivisions in New Jersey, New York, Georgia, and Florida were found to have restricted new subdivisions against Jewish occupancy. Excluded from a hotel in Lakewood, New Jersey, Nathan Straus proceeded to build Laurel-in-the-Pines.

Of more than passing interest, in this period, was President Lowell's graduation address at Harvard in June 1922, in which he advocated quotas against Jews. While the trustees of Harvard later rejected this suggestion, it was painfully apparent that the quota system was spreading. Two years after the First World War, Columbia University cut the number of Jewish admissions by 40 per cent. The whole question of quotas was frankly discussed at a meeting of the Association of Medical Colleges in November 1929. Actually the situation in the prep schools and colleges had first attracted attention at an earlier date (see the articles by Norman Hapgood in *Harper's Weekly*, January 15, 22, and 29, 1916). Between 1914 and 1930, the quota system had become well-established in most eastern colleges and universities. What the spread of the quota system signified, as Heywood Broun pointed out, "was nothing less than a silent cultural assent to the Klan crudity that 'this is a white man's country.'"

Despite these unmistakable symptoms of a universally recognized disease, the American Jewish Yearbook for 1929 concludes with the comment that "the past year witnessed a practical cessation of all anti-Jewish propaganda." While the election returns in Germany in September 1930 were disturbing, still they seemed to

have aroused no more serious apprehension than the continued pattern of anti-Semitic incidents in the United States. "While several Jewish organizations in the United States were deeply stirred by the results of the German elections," reads the Yearbook, "they took no action, knowing that the sister community in Central Europe is well able to deal with the situation."

Nor were Jews alone guilty of a failure to correlate the world-wide manifestations of anti-Semitism after the First World War. The proposal to establish a quota system at Harvard coincided with the demands of Aryan student organizations for the revival of a *numerus clausus* policy at the University of Berlin (*The Nation*, November 14, 1923, and February 13, 1924). Still later, when ghetto benches had been ordered for Jewish students in Polish universities, two hundred non-Jewish American scholars protested the action but said not one word about the quota system in the United States (*New York Times*, December 16, 1937). I dare say that Paul Wasserman and Max Baker accurately reflected the opinion of most Americans, Jews and Gentiles, on the possibility of anti-Semitism becoming a serious factor in America on the eve of Hitler's conquest of power. "Anti-Semitism in America," they wrote, "is still a subtle, whispered thing; something sensed, felt under the skin, as it were. In all probability, it will never amount to more than that" (*The Jews Come to America*, 1932).

V

By 1933 it was clearly apparent, however, that anti-Semitism had entered upon a new phase in America. "In the United States," wrote Johan J. Smertenko (*Harper's*, November 1933), "prejudice against the Jew has been markedly noticeable for twenty-five years. At first the manifesta-

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tions of it were so trivial that it seemed absurd to take them seriously, much less to combat them. . . . But gradually the blot of discrimination spread into an ever-widening stain of ostracism from society to the school, from schools and offices to shops and factories. And there followed, as a matter of course, exclusion from common privileges and communal enterprises. Today it is no secret that Jews have great difficulty in gaining admission to the institutions of higher learning and that their opportunities for legal and medical training are limited to a minimum. It is equally well-known that the professions of banking, engineering, and teaching are closed to all but a few, and the quasi-public service corporations vigorously exclude them. In the mechanical trades, the discrimination is almost as widespread as in the professions, and in clerical work, generally speaking, it is worst of all."

This new phase was to be distinguished from earlier manifestations of anti-Semitism, first of all, by the increased evidences of economic discrimination. "Formerly," writes Morris S. Lazaron (*Common Ground*, 1938), "anti-Jewish discrimination here was almost exclusively social; today it is economic, which is much more serious." While the depression affected all groups, it had special significance for the Jews. As the competition for jobs intensified, special barriers against Jews multiplied. So striking was this development that a student of the Jewish employment problem concluded in 1930 that "the normal absorption of Jews within the American economic structure is now practically impossible." As the depression deepened, the struggle to enter the "free professions" became more intense than ever before. Prominent New York Jews even advocated quotas as "an economic necessity."

The new phase was also characterized by a sharp increase in the number of or-

ganized anti-Semitic groups. According to Dr. Donald S. Strong, 121 organizations were actively spreading anti-Semitic propaganda in the United States between 1933 and 1940. It should also be noted that this propaganda barrage concentrated on the Jew-Communist theme and soft-pedaled the Jew-Capitalist line. "There is no doubt," to quote from the American Jewish Yearbook, "that the fact that there are Jews who are communists is today perhaps the most widely used anti-Jewish propaganda material" (Volume 37, p. 155). "There is no way of calculating the effect of anti-Jewish agitation during the past two years," the Yearbook for 1936 reported, "the first time in American history that it has been carried on by so many agencies and on so wide a scale." As the crisis deepened, anti-Semitism began to take on the most unmistakable political overtones; nor was it long before certain reactionary politicians began to echo the anti-Semitic themes developed by the organized groups.

In a speech in Congress on May 29, 1933, Louis T. McFadden, for twenty years a Republican member of Congress from Pennsylvania, made a violent attack upon the Jews of America. Rabbi Lee J. Levinger has characterized this speech, and I believe accurately, as "the first open evidence of political anti-Semitism in the United States of America" (*Anti-Semitism: Yesterday and Tomorrow*, 1936). As the 1936 campaign approached, anti-Semitism became a favorite symbol of the native fascist groups. The fake Benjamin Franklin letter on the Jews first made its appearance on February 3, 1934; the first meeting of the Union for Social Justice was held in Detroit on April 24, 1935. In a speech in the fall of 1935, the manager of the Coughlin-Lemke third party charged that "the trouble with this country now is due to the money powers and Jewish politicians. . . . The American

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people must shake off their shoulders the Jewish politicians." During the 1936 campaign Alf Landon was forced, again and again, to disavow various anti-Semitic "angles" that some of his indiscreet supporters kept injecting into the issues. A fake birth certificate, purporting to prove that Frances Perkins was of Jewish descent, was widely circulated in this campaign. For the first time in American political history, anti-Semitism was used as a deliberate propaganda device in a presidential election. By the end of 1936, even the historian of the American Jewish Yearbook was somewhat alarmed: "Anti-Semitism is not far from the surface in American life . . . it would require comparatively little provocation to bring it to the surface!"

Underlying this new outcropping of anti-Semitism was a factor directly related to the earlier agitation. Throughout the 19th century, the lowest positions in the occupational system had been filled by the most recent immigrant groups. In the Chicago stockyards, for example, the labor force was originally of Irish descent; later predominantly Polish and Italian; and, still later, Mexican and Negro. "Thus every group," writes Talcott Parsons (*Jews in a Gentile World*, 1942), "except the most recent, has had someone to look down upon. In a sense our system of social stratification has been an incomplete one, in a state of parasitism with regard to the recent immigrants. It is clear that with the closing of the frontier and the consequent halt to economic expansion, as well as with the virtual cessation of immigration, this situation is rapidly disappearing" (emphasis added). In other words, one consequence of the passage of the Immigration Act of 1924 had been to narrow the range of possible scapegoats.

After the election of 1936, there was a slight pause in the developing anti-Semitic agitation (the thumping Roosevelt vic-

tory was doubtless responsible for this recession). But by 1937 anti-Semitism was being used more brazenly in American politics than at any prior period in our history. By midsummer 1939 as many as sixty anti-Semitic street meetings were being held in New York each week, most of them organized by the Christian Front and the Christian Mobilizers. On December 22, 1940, LaGuardia announced that 238 arrests had been made in the preceding six months for inflammatory street speeches, disturbances, and the like. "The emergence of anti-Semitism as a political platform," reported the Yearbook, "was probably the outstanding development of 1939."

The key figure in this developing political anti-Semitism was Father Charles Coughlin. While there had been certain overtones of anti-Semitism in his propaganda prior to 1936, it was only after the defeat of his third party in that year that he began to use anti-Semitism as a political weapon. In 1938 he announced that henceforth the Christian Front would "not fear to be called anti-Semitic." As the owner of one of the largest libraries of anti-Semitic materials in this country, Coughlin quickly demonstrated that he could work artful variations on the stock themes. In reprinting the Protocols, he pointed out that the authenticity of the document was, in his opinion, an immaterial issue; what mattered was its "prophetic nature." On November 30, 1938, Coughlin made an anti-Semitic broadcast on a nationwide radio network. With an estimated radio listening audience of 3,500,000 people, no one could dismiss this sort of propaganda as insignificant. While mounting public pressure finally forced Coughlin off the air, the mystery of his finances has never been solved. This same question becomes of paramount interest in connection with the activities of William Dudley Pelley. In a period of

nineteen months prior to July 31, 1938, Pelley mailed approximately three and a half tons of anti-Semitic propaganda from his headquarters. That large subsidies were involved, in both cases, can hardly be doubted. For example, George B. Fisher, of Darien, Connecticut, admitted that he had contributed \$20,000 to the Silver Shirts.

It is also important to note that during the late '30s some respectable sources began to dabble in anti-Semitism. On December 15, 1938, the New York Daily News reprinted a scurrilous pamphlet by William Dudley Pelley, devoting one-half of its second page and pages 4 and 38 in their entirety to a digest of the pamphlet. When a young man named David Ginsburg was reported to have secured a commission in the Army on being dropped by the OPA, the Daily News, ably seconded by the Hearst press, attempted to make a nationwide scandal of the incident and injected the most unmistakable anti-Semitic slant into the story by linking the name of Ginsburg with that of Justice Felix Frankfurter. During the 1944 campaign, the Daily News launched the attack on Sidney Hillman with a story calling attention to his "Rabbinical education." In a series of columns, John O'Donnell kept needling the administration with charges, veiled and direct, of "Jewish influences," culminating in his false and malicious charge that General George S. Patton had been removed from his command because he had slapped "a Jewish soldier." Generally speaking, the entire nationalist press cultivated the theme that the Jews were driving America into the war. In a remarkable editorial of December 16, 1938, the Daily News said that the Bill of Rights means only "that our government shall not officially discriminate against any religion. It does not mean that Americans are forbidden to dislike other Americans or religions or any

other groups. Plenty of people just now are exercising their right to dislike the Jews."

Perhaps the real peak of the anti-Semitic agitation that began in the '30s was reached on September 11, 1941, when Charles Lindbergh, speaking in Des Moines to an audience of 7,500, charged that the Jews were seeking to force America into the war and, in a sinister phrase, warned them of the consequences. Even prior to this speech, substantially the same charge had been made by Senator Burton Wheeler in a speech in the Senate on February 28, 1941, and by Congressman John Rankin, who told Congress that "Wall Street and a little group of our international Jewish brethren are still attempting to harass the President and Congress into plunging us into the European war." Parenthetically, it is interesting to note how the use of anti-Semitism as a political weapon momentarily subsided when the Republicans captured control of Congress in 1946 (see comments in *The Home Front*, March 14, 1947), a circumstance that sheds some light on the question of who uses anti-Semitism and for what purposes.

The emergence of political anti-Semitism in American life is a matter of profound importance. Political anti-Semitism can never be projected in a social and cultural vacuum. It is a growth, not an invention. Political anti-Semitism must always be based on such pre-existing factors as social cleavage, a fairly well-developed anti-Semitic ideology, and a pattern of social and economic discrimination. When William Dudley Pelley issued his "New Emancipation Proclamation" on September 5, 1934, he promised "to impose racial quotas on the political and economic structure, observing rigorously in effect that no racial factions shall be

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allowed further occupancy of public or professional office in excess of the ratio of its blood-members to the remaining sum total of all races completing the composition of the body politic." Stripped of its verbiage, this statement reflected an existing social and economic reality. By 1934 racial and religious quotas were embedded in the structure of a large number of American institutions, educational, financial, social, and industrial.

It is, indeed, a long path that leads from the Grand Union Hotel incident of 1877 to the manifestations of organized political anti-Semitism that developed in the '30s; but, for all its twists and turns, the path is clearly marked. Each phase of

anti-Semitism has developed logically out of the phase or phases which preceded it and has paralleled changes in the economy. One can see the broad outline of a pattern in this progression: first social discrimination, then increasing economic discrimination, and, finally, overt organized political anti-Semitism. The mote in our eye has always consisted in the firm belief that anti-Semitism could not take root in the United States. But viewing the record in retrospect, one cannot escape the conclusion that anti-Semitism now has fairly deep roots in American life and that it has been assuming increasingly more significant forms of expression over a period of many years.

FARAWAY THE SPRING

RICHARD HAGOPIAN

THEY said it was his heart.

But we all have hearts, I said to myself. I put my hand to my left side and wished with all my mind that it would hurt a little bit, so that I could run fast the next second and still be alive and healthy—just as I wanted him to be.

Again I read the crudely lettered card tacked to the door. CLOSED ON ACCOUNT OF SICKNESS, it said.

Through the window all the things inside looked just as they had looked before, long, long ago when he used to wave to me with his scissors or comb and nod with his bushy white head for me to come in and keep him company. Those were the best times of all. Sometimes he sat in his swivel chair with his back toward the window, and I knew from the way his head tilted to one side that he was asleep.

At times like these I didn't bother him. I walked up and down the street for a long time until he awoke and waved for me to come in.

Now I saw only the bright shiny things inside: the row of short and tall bottles of hair tonics and shampoos, the nickel clippers and scissors and the antiseptic bottle with the red cross on it filled with liquid and many combs. The low table in the back of the store was still piled high with old newspapers and magazines, and the small desk with the front part that dropped down was locked up tight. On the coat hanger hung a carelessly wrinkled limp white coat. Everything was still.

Once a long time ago he unlocked the little desk in the corner and took out an old book. Opening it carefully, he looked at me with the comfortable excitement of

a man who had chosen to share a most important thing with another. Then he opened the book and showed me things for the first time, the impressive things of a man who was at that moment revealing the highest fruits of his lifetime. It was a book of opera, his favorite one, he said, treasured for years and years, printed in a foreign tongue and brought over from another land. It was grease-stained and precious. His favorite parts, the parts he could sing, the roles he loved the best, were carefully underlined in colored pencil, with little mysterious crosses, stars, and signs in the margins, which to him were keys, he said, to singing this wonderful music with style and persuasion.

Yet he was careful never to let others know what things were inside the desk. When customers came in, he locked it carefully, winked at me, and slipped the key into his pocket as though nothing had happened.

I never asked him to sing any of the wonderful music he spoke about. Somehow I felt that these things must come in time. I remained happy just to sit and watch the open book and hear him tell of its composer and story and all the great ones who had made this beautiful work live a long time ago.

Then one day he told me that I gave him courage and that he was going to do a very brave thing, something which he had not dared to do for many years, something which might surprise me very much. From one of the drawers in the desk he took out a small tissue-paper package and from it removed a delicate silver tuning fork. He removed it ceremoniously and let it glitter before my eyes for a moment. Then striking it gently against the palm of his hand, he hummed a note which blended perfectly with the tone from the instrument.

"Come and watch," he said, his face glowing with happiness.

As I watched his finger as it traced line by line each stave of music, he sang a wonderful melody to me. Sometimes he looked at me while he sang. Other times his finger paused too long under a word while his eyes closed and his voice sounded faraway.

But before he came to the end of the song, he suddenly closed the book, turned his back to me, and walked toward the window, where he stood quietly looking out into the street.

"What crazy things you must be thinking of me," he said in a strange voice. "Am I a very crazy man? When have you ever heard a crazy man like me singing before?"

After that it was very quiet.

Yet he must have known what was in my heart, because from that day on he always finished what he started to sing, and in the end explained that what he had done was a great thing—the most beautiful thing in life. "Only if I was young like you. Only if I was young like you," he would say. "To sing you must start young. To sing you must start young!" Then sadly, but half proudly, he looked into the mirror and touched his fuzzy white hair, while his eyes brightened and he lighted a cigarette and blew long clouds of smoke toward the floor.

My old uncle Stepan was sitting by the stove smoking his pipe when I came home for supper. He smoked quietly as he sat in his undershirt yellowed with sweat around the neck, as though tobacco had long been seeping out of his pores. When he saw me come in, he turned his head away. By the time my father had washed his hands, supper was on the table and my mother told us to sit down and eat before the food got cold.

"How did work go today?" she asked.

My father shrugged his shoulders and ate his food wearily.

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My uncle looked at my mother and said, "Work is always the same—hard and all the time."

When no one answered him, he looked at me and said, "It is only the young ones who can afford to be idle and play around from morning until night."

My father looked up and said nothing.

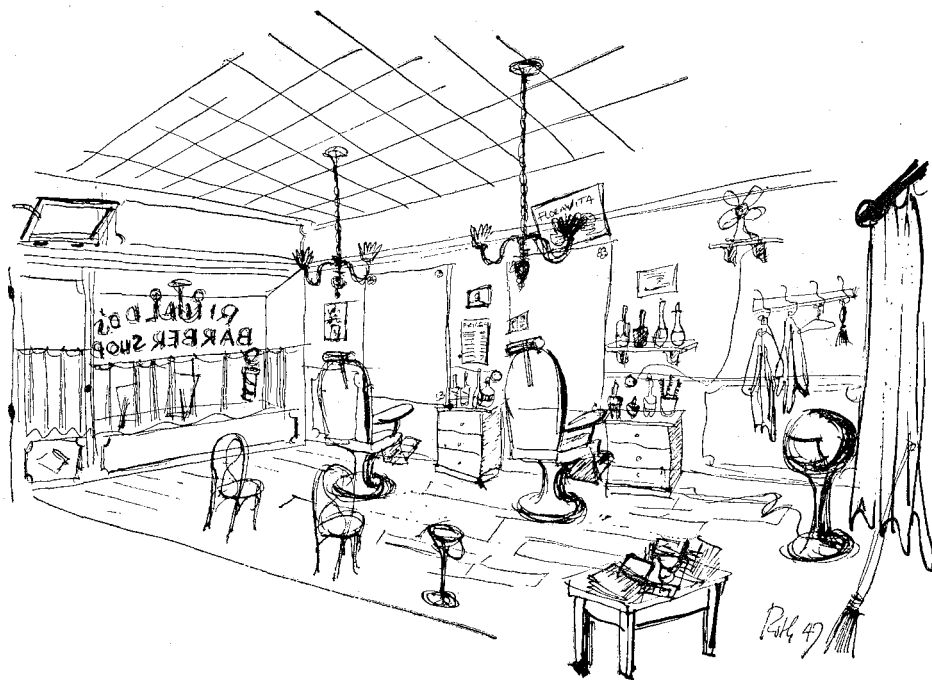
My uncle waited for my mother to go into the kitchen for more food before he said anything more. When he spoke

man. He is laying one of his traps for me, I thought.

There was silence for a moment; then my uncle looked up at my father as though to say, "Is that the best you could do? Look at the defiance in his face. Strike it with the back of your hand!"

I swallowed my food only to kill the anger I felt for my uncle.

"There are a hundred things you can be doing when you don't come home."



again, he urged my father in Turkish, a language which I did not understand.

"Not now," said my father.

My uncle took out his pipe, removed the stem, and cleaned it on his napkin.

"Then just ask him where he was today," he said.

"When you get out of school, where do you go?" asked my father heartlessly.

I said nothing. My uncle was a clever

My father was getting angry, and this seemed to soothe my uncle.

"Someone told me you go to the barber shop."

"Every day," added my uncle.

"Is that the best thing you can find to do?"

I did not answer.

"I know what people talk about in barber shops."

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"He is saying these things so you won't be like the fellows in the pool-room gang," said my uncle, nobly interrupting his supper to give me this good bit of extra advice. I did not believe him.

My mother brought in more food and told us to eat and not to talk so much. My father's voice was growing bitter and he had stopped eating.

"Come home after this. Right away. Your mind is full enough of wrong things without thinking night and day about the good-for-nothing things you learn in a barber shop. Never again let me hear that you have gone there."

He said these things in a voice that was cutting and bad, as though for some mysterious reason his words were for vengeance against the things of his own youth for which he was ashamed.

My uncle looked up and said, "If we do, it will be a beating for you and the police for the barber."

I could not swallow my food. There was too much anger in my throat. I wanted to say something to my father. But when I started to speak, my uncle said something to him in Turkish again, and he turned his face away from me as though he were tired of seeing me.

Deep inside I felt only hatred for my uncle and father, and my hatred fermented more and more when I thought of the wrong thing that had happened at this supper table. My hatred grew until it included all things that were grown—for grown men who always knew what was wrong and what to tell; who knew all these things and no longer needed to listen, who worked in factories and smoked stinking pipes and cigarettes, and ate and thought in another language.

And my bitterness was for my mother too, when she came in and put her arm on my shoulder and said, "Sometimes your father works too hard and gets angry easily. Eat your supper now."

She never spoke of her brother, my uncle, who never worked. Then she said, "Don't go there any more. Go only when you need a haircut. Then I will take you, or you can go with your brother."

Somehow, while my uncle smoked contentedly by the fire and my father read his paper, all things in the big world turned evil, and with this not only my father, uncle, and mother, but the barber as well, and his song book and tuning fork and the desk and everything else, and the little crosses and stars and all things like them, which might just as well have been a thousand miles away as far as I was concerned. And I am evil too. And everything in the whole world.

It was Pasquale Velo who first said it was his heart. He was talking to Mr. Giberti, the grocer, when I went to the store for two cans of salsa and a couple of pounds of spaghetti.

"Too much heart disease," agreed Mr. Giberti, shrugging his shoulders. "Too much heart disease in the world," he said. "It is something new with the times."

While they continued to say these things with their hands and voices, I hurried to the barber shop, where I read the crudely lettered sign again and again. Every day after it was the same. Until the day the card was changed for a neatly printed one which hung from a piece of black string under some gray crepe and a handful of flowers.

John Rinaldo 1890-1947

CLOSED ON ACCOUNT OF DEATH

Inside the little things and the stillness.

A strange impulse of faraway pain crowded around my heart, and for the first time in my life it hurt. I struggled with the pain by thinking of many, many things, of all the things I had thought of at our supper table a long time ago. But

the longer I struggled the clearer it became that I must go home at once, change into my good clothes, get some money, and take the street car to his house in Chelsea.

"I think it is the right address," said Mr. Giberti as he labored out letters on a piece of bag paper. "I read it in the Italian newspaper yesterday. If I am right the funeral is tomorrow morning. At Saint Anthony's Church. I would like to go myself," he said, "but I have to stay here on account of work."

He said other things, but I didn't hear them. I put what he had written on the piece of bag paper in my pocket and went home.

It was a long supper that night, yet I ate nothing. From the way my father eyed me from time to time, I knew that he was trying to read my thoughts. Only once he asked me why I was not eating. When I didn't answer, he said nothing and quietly ate his food.

My uncle sat by the fire and smoked. "My stomach is not well tonight," he said.

When my father finished his food I left the table and went to my room. I took off my everyday clothes and put on my Sunday suit. Then I got my hat and took out enough money for carfare from a little box I kept in the bureau drawer. There was nothing else left to do. I started to leave.

It was then that the kitchen door opened. My father was standing on the threshold. He made a slight dark shadow against the kitchen light. He was in his vest, with his collar and tie off, and his neck looked very long and thin.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

I did not answer him.

I waited for him to strike me with the back of his angry hand—the way my uncle always wanted him to.

"It is late," he said, without moving.

I stood still with my head down. He waited.

"Put your hat away," he said. "I don't want you to go any place at this hour."

He knew that I would not move and that I would not answer him.

He waited a long time.

Finally he spoke.

"Look at me," he said.

I looked at him.

In the darkness something in his face and body became very tired and he turned his eyes away from me. The door closed silently behind him.

I was alone again. The light from the kitchen was gone. Twice the warm golden crack of light under the door was broken by a shadow which crossed once either way. I did not have to see behind the shadow to know what it was or where it was going. Slowly, like the big mysterious pain which I had felt before the barber shop, I seemed to know. I knew that it was my father going to change from his work clothes into his only good suit. Perhaps there would be a few whispered words to my mother; then he would open the door again. All these things I knew. But I also knew that between now and then a hundred things would pass through his heart and mind. And I knew that when he came back there would be bitterness in his throat and pain in his heart for himself and for me—for having done these things not knowing why.

In the darkness of the room the large frozen pain for the barber began to thaw, as though the kind man were smiling at the bigness of my grief. Yet, now, instead of thinking of the barber who worked and sang when we were alone with a sadness in his voice for something which he should have started in the young happy years, I saw my father bending over his machine, stitching shoes hour after hour in a damp factory. And around him there

were others, and they stitched, with thoughts full of bitterness and hearts full of pain. Nowhere in the picture did I see myself. Nowhere was there a small desk with a barber's wealth locked in it. Only the dimness and the steady whirring of needle against leather, forcing little by little the rest of my father's vision from out his yellowing eyes. This and nothing more from sunrise to sunset.

Part of the room must be lighted now, I thought. I could not look up to see. For a long time my father must have stood in the doorway watching me. Then he closed the door and in the darkness he touched my head. Then he spoke simply in his own native Armenian and I was no longer alone.

"Do not cry," he said, "do not cry. The people of earth will grow used to these things and the earth itself will seem a little kinder when it understands all. The old lose track of time and truth, but in youth burns the seed of tomorrow's fruit. And faraway the spring sings and prepares new roots from the old beneath the earth. . . ."

When his voice stopped it was as though it were surprised at what it had said; it was like the end of a song, a hid-

den thing which he had saved until this moment.

This time when I looked up at him he drew my head close to his narrow chest.

Against the heavy laboring of his lungs and the comfortable smell of tobacco in his clothes, again things in the large world became all mixed up . . . things like books and little desks, like little keys and tuning forks, and my father's voice like a song, the new way he had touched my head—as though I were a little star or a cross interpreting for him the most beautiful thing in life. Perhaps he sensed in me for the first time the hope for that thing forever lost to him, something which might have flourished in his own life—if only he could have found it and kept it in early, early youth.

Richard Hagopian's short stories have appeared in a variety of publications—Best American Short Stories of 1945, *The Atlantic*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *Mademoiselle*, etc. A collection of them, *The Dove Brings Peace*, was published by Farrar and Rinehart in 1944. Awarded the Albert M. Bender Literary Fellowship in 1946, Mr. Hagopian is now at work finishing his first novel.

Wolfgang Roth is the illustrator.



JOURNEY OF RECONCILIATION

HOMER A. JACK

SEVERAL years back, Mrs. Irene Morgan boarded an interstate bus in Gloucester County, Virginia, for Maryland. She was asked to sit in the "colored" section of the bus. Instead of acquiescing to this segregation or even reluctantly accepting it, Mrs. Morgan refused to move from a seat in the "white" section and was arrested for breaking the Virginia Jim Crow laws. Her objection became the substance of a long legal battle (*Irene Morgan vs. Commonwealth of Virginia*), which eventually reached the United States Supreme Court. On June 3, 1946, that court announced an historic decision penetrating the iron curtain of Jim Crow in the South: it decreed that state laws demanding racial segregation of interstate passengers on motor carriers were unconstitutional since segregation on buses was "an undue burden on interstate commerce." In a later decision, the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia interpreted the Morgan decision to apply also to interstate train travel.

This was one of the few successful legal attacks on Jim Crow in the South. Several bus companies immediately announced that they reserved the right to seat passengers and would continue to segregate Negroes to insure the public safety. A southern governor threatened to stop every interstate bus coming into his territory and make the passengers walk across the state line, then buy intrastate tickets.

Customs precede legal decisions or customs follow them—and some cus-

toms follow some legal decisions more slowly than others. It was on the hunch that southern customs were not following the Morgan decision very quickly that the Fellowship of Reconciliation (FOR) with the aid of the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE) decided to sponsor a "Journey of Reconciliation" through the upper South.

The Journey was not meant to be just another testing of existing laws. It was primarily to ascertain whether an unpopular court decision could be enforced by using the spirit of aggressive goodwill or, more accurately, non-violent direct action. Both sponsoring organizations were pledged to this method: the Fellowship of Reconciliation, which is a religious pacifist group consisting of such leaders as Harry Emerson Fosdick, John Haynes Holmes, Kirby Page, and Howard Thurman, and the Congress of Racial Equality, a loose federation of local CORE groups, the members of which are not necessarily pacifists but are committed to the non-violent technique in solving interracial problems. Thus the participants in the Journey took with them a technique as old as Jesus and as contemporary as Gandhi, one which is much more concerned with transforming the wrongdoer than with inflicting retribution. The participants were concerned more with justice than with pride or even personal safety, and they tried to avoid bitterness and to maintain a spirit of self-giving love. In short, they were not passive non-resisters of the evil of segregation, but were active re-

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sisters of segregation in a non-violent manner. They used laws whenever possible, yet did not depend upon them. Thus the designation of the trip, Journey of Reconciliation.

The leaders of the Journey were George Houser, white, a Methodist minister and full-time secretary of the Racial-Industrial Committee of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and Bayard Rustin, colored, staff member of the Fellowship of Reconciliation and part-time lecturer for the American Friends Service Committee. The two leaders went, Jim Crow, over almost the entire itinerary several months beforehand to make the necessary preparations. Lawyers were retained in fourteen communities, thousands of dollars of bail money were secured, and more than thirty speaking engagements were scheduled. Besides Houser and Rustin, fourteen carefully selected men also participated in the Journey. They included an attorney, a musician, a scientist, four ministers (three Methodists, one Unitarian), and several editors, students, and executive secretaries. Almost a third of the participants were Southerners, and about half were Negroes. At least four members of the group had had their courage pre-tested as federal prisoners for being conscientious objectors during World War II.

I joined the Journey at Knoxville, Tennessee, on April 17. The group had been traveling since April 9, when they left Washington. Their itinerary had taken them to Richmond and Petersburg, Virginia; and Raleigh, Durham, Chapel Hill, Greensboro, Winston-Salem, and Asheville, North Carolina. On each lap, members of the Journey traveled interracial, often dividing into two groups to take different bus lines (Greyhound or National Trailways). Between Washington and Petersburg,

they encountered no trouble; indeed, there was evidence that the Morgan decision had begun to take effect. At Petersburg, however, one of the Negro members of the Journey was arrested for sitting in the second seat from the front of a bus. The charge was "disorderly conduct for not obeying a reasonable request of the bus driver." The trial has been indefinitely postponed pending a state supreme court decision on a similar case.

Two Negro members of the Journey were arrested at Durham. One white member was arrested at the same time, also for breaking the Jim Crow laws. All were later released and the charges dismissed. In Chapel Hill, where the only incident of violence occurred, two Negro and two white members of the Journey were arrested, the Negroes for "disorderly conduct for refusing to obey the bus driver," and the whites for "interfering with arrest."

At the trial several weeks later, the two white men received sentences—to be appealed—of "thirty days on the road" while one of the Negroes arrested was fined court costs only—about eight dollars—and the other was fined \$25 and costs. At first, the judge sentenced one of the whites to six months, but when the prosecutor pointed out that the maximum sentence was thirty days, the judge reduced the sentence with the remark, "I can't keep all these things in my little head."

After the arrest in Chapel Hill, members of the Journey were chased by a group of taxi drivers to the house of a friendly white Presbyterian minister, Charles Jones. The taxi men threatened the minister and his family, and the men on the Journey decided to leave immediately for Greensboro. Later, in Asheville, a Negro and a white member of the group were arrested, this time frankly for violating the state Jim Crow laws. Subsequently, the

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two men were convicted and sentenced to thirty days under the supervision of the highway commissioner. The sentence will naturally be appealed.

It was a group of men exhibiting the somewhat taut morale of ten arrests that I encountered in Knoxville. The whites were beginning to know the terror that many Negroes have to live with all the days of their lives. All members of the party were dead-tired, not only from the constant tenseness, but also from participating in many meetings and conferences at every stop. There were press conferences, public rallies to secure expenses for the Journey, and conferences with liberal white and Negro leaders for follow-up work by local residents. After a typical day of these activities in Knoxville, Nathan Wright, a young Negro church social worker from Cincinnati, and I were selected to make a bus test from Knoxville to Nashville. George Houser went along as an unidentified observer.

Wright and I bought separate interstate bus tickets reading Knoxville to Louisville, Kentucky, via Nashville. I was one of the first to board the bus shortly before midnight. I took the fourth seat from the front. Wright entered the bus five minutes later and sat down next to me. Slowly heads began to turn around and within five minutes the driver asked Wright to go to the back of the bus. Wright answered, "I prefer to sit here." I said Wright and I were friends, that we were riding together, that we could legally do so because of the Morgan decision. The bus driver then pleaded, "Wouldn't you like to move?" We said we would like to stay where we were. The driver left the bus, apparently to talk to bus officials and police. After much ogling by passengers and bus employees (although it was then midnight and the departure had been delayed almost half an hour), the

driver finally reappeared and started the bus, without any more words to us.

We had overcome the first obstacle—arrest by Knoxville police—but as we were riding through the outskirts of Knoxville, we realized that the hard part of the Journey was still ahead. Ours was the first night test of the entire Journey. The southern night, to Northerners at least, is full of vigilant justice and the lynch rope from pine trees if not palms. We wondered whether, despite the current long-distance telephone strike, the bus company—or one of its more militant employees—would telephone ahead for a road block and vigilantes to greet us in one of the Tennessee mountain towns. Neither of us slept a moment that night. We just watched the road.

At the two rest stops, we kept our seats. Police squad cars were on hand at both places, but nobody questioned us. Early in the morning, a half hour before we arrived in Nashville, the bus filled with city commuters. White women, and a few white men, stood in the aisle while Wright and I sat in our fourth seat from the front. The flower of southern womanhood, if she rode the bus at all, stood in the aisle that morning while a young Negro sat up front! Yet the reaction of the passengers on the trip was not one of evident anger and certainly not of violence. It was first surprise, then astonishment, and even tittering. On that bus, anyway, there was only apathy, certainly no eager leadership in preserving the ways of the Old South.

We arrived in Nashville early in the morning, exhausted, relieved, and with a bit of the exhilaration of the adventurer. Ours was probably the first interracial bus trip made between Knoxville and Nashville, U.S.A. Once in Nashville, Wright and I spoke before classes at three colleges and planned the second stage of our particular part of the Journey: the first train test from Nashville to Louisville. I

secured two coach reservations on the Louisville and Nashville's "Hummingbird," an all-reserved coach. We left just before midnight. We entered the coach separately, and Wright had no difficulty. Few passengers noted his presence. The conductor took our tickets without incident. Soon thereafter he tapped me on the shoulder, pointed to Wright, and whispered, "He's your prisoner, isn't he?" I said he was not. Then the conductor asked, "Why, then, is he sitting here?" I replied that we had reservations together. The conductor said that was impossible and asked Wright to go back to the Jim Crow coach. Wright said he preferred to sit where he was, and the recent interpretation of the Morgan case made it legal for him to do so. The conductor muttered that he never had had to face this situation before and that if we were riding back in Alabama he wouldn't have to face it: the passengers would throw us both out of the window. In the end, the conductor merely took our names and did not put us off the train at Bowling Green—the only stop. A white passenger passed me a note indicating that we could get in touch with her as a witness if we encountered any legal trouble.

I had to leave the Journey at Louisville, but most of the men went on: Roanoke, Lynchburg, Charlottesville, and back to Washington. Several other train tests were made, again without trouble. Two more arrests occurred, however, on bus tests in Amherst and Culpeper, Virginia. Both trials were postponed pending the outcome of the Virginia Supreme Court decision on a similar case.

Before enumerating the significant conclusions of the Journey, I would like to give my personal reaction toward trying to challenge Jim Crow in the South, a challenge which had the sanction of the supreme court of the land notwithstanding.

This was not my first trip to the South, but it was my first sustained flouting of Jim Crow in the South. In the North—in Chicago—a white person can easily enough become embroiled in racial violence perpetrated against him by his fellow whites: stonings, assaults on property, anonymous threats. Yet in the North a white person challenging discrimination always feels the law is on his side, if not always the police. And a white person can easily seek refuge after his forays for justice in the relative safety of his own house, certainly in the houses of his white or Negro friends—or, in an extremity, the protective custody of a jail.

Yet when a white traveler reaches the South—and is prepared to do no more than question the need for a colored waiting room—he feels completely on his own, isolated. In these situations, the traveler (I am not speaking of the old resident) can feel only the strength of his convictions plus the support of preciously few Negro and white citizens. There is no refuge for the stranger in the South—not even deep in the Negro community and not in the white one. It is probably like a visitor's living in a totalitarian state—without an American passport! So, in the South, a white person on a project such as the Journey gets that cold sweat within him which makes him both constantly fearful and everlastingly fearless, an emotion a white feels only fleetingly in the North, an emotion perhaps not unlike that experienced by those on the Underground Railroad. But why look for comparisons? It is an emotion most of the fourteen million Negro Americans experience every waking hour of their day, and doubtless in their dreams, too.

Perhaps the most important factual conclusion of the Journey is simply that the Morgan decision in terms of unsegregated interstate bus travel has not penetrated the South much beyond Richmond,

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Virginia. Where the decision is elsewhere understood, various attempts are made, principally by bus companies, to circumvent it. At least the experience of the Journey shows that southern practices vary widely both with law-enforcement officers and with bus companies: there were no arrests in Tennessee and Kentucky and no arrests from incidents on Greyhound buses.

The sociological conclusions of the Journey are tentative. With the barrier between the races down, if only for one bus trip, confusion reigns in the attitudes and habit-patterns of both whites and Negroes. This often leads, on the part of the dominant group, to frustration and frequently to aggression. During the entire Journey, however, there was no overt violence initiated by any of the bus passengers. The one instance of violence was perpetrated by onlookers in Chapel Hill, North Carolina—and against a white member of the party. Whites in these situations are frequently in more danger than Negroes: they are traitors to their race! Indeed, a North Carolina judge hearing two of the cases told an attorney he had much more contempt for whites than for Negroes in such a situation, and showed it by doling out a discriminatory sentence against one of the whites. The chief source of danger is apparently from onlookers who generally get their information secondhand, from rumors, and are incited by them.

During the trips where Negroes and whites rode in buses together, there tended to be apathy on the part of white passengers unless the bus driver raised the issue of segregation. Then the passengers would react. Again, how they reacted depended upon leadership from the driver. Where the driver acted fairly, the passengers tended to follow his lead. When a white soldier tried to raise the issue of segregation with the driver in a mountain

town in western North Carolina, the driver effectively squelched him with the comment, "Don't blame this man [one of the Negroes in the party]: if you want to do something about this, kill those bastards up in Washington!" The police, in the experience of the Journey, uniformly acted in a circumspect manner and this did much to discourage uncontrollable reaction from outsiders.

A word should be said about the results of the interracial, non-violent technique used throughout the Journey. The interracial character of each group made it possible to transform every tension situation into a difference between some whites and Negroes against other whites and—understandably but regrettably—Negroes, not between all whites on the one hand and all Negroes on the other. This tended to prevent the obvious tension from becoming primarily racial tension. Likewise, when crisis situations occurred, the participants on the trip behaved in a non-violent manner. They showed consideration for police, bus drivers, and conductors, and treated them all as though they were only doing the jobs as they had learned to do them and as being products rather than eager victims of their segregated society. Thus the participants spoke freely, honestly, and quietly, and tried to understand the attitude of the other without agreeing with it. This was not only good principle; it paid off in concrete results: as elsewhere noted, in no instance was there mistreatment of a member of the Journey by a bus driver, a train conductor, or an officer of the law. (During the Journey, the press reported that a Negro had been killed for objecting in allegedly a violent manner to being segregated on a southern train.)

It is difficult to assess the southern reaction to the Journey. Many southern white students and most southern NAACP branches welcomed it. Some Southerners,

including some self-styled liberal Southerners, felt that the Journey "stirred up trouble"—which it did! Any significant attempt to lessen segregation in the South will stir up trouble—a trouble which has been created by segregation and which will probably not be eliminated without a great deal of stirring.

The repercussions of the Journey in at least one town are significant but hardly typical, since the town is Chapel Hill, the seat of the liberal University of North Carolina. The only incident of violence, as I have said, occurred here, and several of the participants on the Journey were arrested; others were subsequently chased into the parsonage of Charles Jones, the Presbyterian minister. Although the men on the Journey left town almost immediately thereafter, Jones and his family continued to be threatened. Jones' family finally agreed to leave town for a while, but Jones refused to bow to the threats. Some students from the campus—notably members of the American Veterans Committee—took turns guarding Jones' house. Other students supported him editorially in the campus newspaper. Several southern papers called the Journey—with which several Communist-front organizations refused to co-operate—a Communist intrigue, and the Chapel Hill paper misrepresented the situation by alleging that Jones' participation in the Journey divided his church. Actually, Jones' board—on which sits University of North Carolina president Frank P. Graham—supported him handsomely, although some money for his student work was later withdrawn at least temporarily by denominational officials.

What, finally, did the Journey of Reconciliation accomplish? It showed progressive Americans that the Morgan decision must be implemented by constant "testing"—in the spirit of goodwill—and by subsequent law enforcement. The

Journey helped implement the decision at least by spreading knowledge of it to bus drivers and some law-enforcement officers (both policemen and judges) in the upper South. The Journey also showed whites and Negroes living in that area that the Morgan decision could be enforced, without disastrous results, if the proper psychological and legal techniques were used. The Journey gave these techniques—and accompanying inspiration—to thousands of whites and Negroes in the South; and a simple manual for Southerners who want to make their own journeys of reconciliation is in the process of preparation. Already, spontaneous, often one-man, testing expeditions have been undertaken. Already, and much more important, local committees are being formed. In one southern city, as a direct result of the Journey, a committee of lawyers has been established to offer free legal aid to any person who observes the law according to the Morgan decision and thereby breaks the customs. And there is talk of an interracial team of young women, recruited from North and South, invading the South even further sometime soon to extend the Morgan decision into the land of Talmadge, Rankin, and Bilbo.

But that surely will be material for another story!

Dr. Homer A. Jack, a Unitarian minister, is executive secretary of the Chicago Council Against Racial and Religious Discrimination. He was one of the founders of the Committee of Racial Equality and is national president of the Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice.

The official and detailed report of the Journey of Reconciliation, "We Challenged Jim Crow," by George M. Houser and Bayard Rustin, is available from the Fellowship of Reconciliation, 2929 Broadway, New York 25, at 15 cents a copy.

"I HOPE I AM NOT ABUNDANT"

MARIE SYRKIN

WHEN the General Federation of Women's Clubs recently reversed their earlier resolution opposing the Stratton Bill and voted in favor of the admission into the United States of 400,000 displaced persons, the act was not only good in itself, it was also a demonstration that people are not necessarily shackled by prejudices and foregone conclusions, but are able to review a situation in the light of fresh information and new ideas. This was particularly heartening to those who had begun to despair of any such likelihood. Too often the psychology of, "What's the use; nobody changes his mind anyway!" provides an excuse for not acting. The turn-about of the clubwomen—certainly not a volatile or irresponsible group—was a good omen. Apparently argument and discussion are still not futile processes.

Since my return from Germany I have found myself wishing daily that the American public could have a closer knowledge of the human beings whose fate they weigh. Like the clubwomen, many present opponents of welcoming to America a fair share of the displaced persons would then probably change their minds.

My particular work in Germany was among Jewish refugees, who constitute only 20 per cent of the some 850,000 men, women, and children now living in displaced persons camps, but my many encounters with gifted, industrious human beings could readily be duplicated among the Protestants and Catholics who are the bulk of the DP population.

One is perhaps most impressed by the resilience, the hopeful readiness for a new

life, which marks people whose history has included horrors beyond the mind of man to imagine. For this reason comparatively slight incidents may be more illuminating than a recital of the overwhelmingly tragic experiences which have been the lot of the survivors of the Nazi holocaust. So much that has happened to them is inhuman and unfathomable that we turn to smaller things which are human and understandable. They help us to realize that the DP, despite his abnormal sufferings, is an individual not only eager for, but capable of, normal "ordinary" experience.

When I remember Mrs. Baum, whom I saw often last winter in the large DP camp of Landsberg in the American Zone of Germany, I find myself refusing to dwell on her 12-year-old son and husband whose fate had been a gas chamber. Instead, I think of her chat on beauty culture.

I used to visit her in the barrack where she lived with her second husband—an attractive man of her own age whom she had met in the camp. Like her first husband, his wife had been exterminated, but he had managed to save his child by hiding the boy, as an Aryan, with a Polish family. Each time I came, I could not help noticing how prominently the photographs of the wife, husband, and child who had perished were displayed on the makeshift table of the small, bare room the new family occupied.

On one occasion, Mrs. Baum looked at me critically and said, "You ought to dye your hair." Then, to soften the sting of

her candid counsel, she added, "I have as much gray hair as you have." Though Mrs. Baum was an obviously bleached blonde, I pretended to be amazed by her admission. She continued her beauty hints: "Women should look as well as possible. I wouldn't go to bed without rubbing some cream into my skin. I'd rather go hungry."

This turn in the conversation was unexpected because a few minutes earlier her eyes had filled with tears when she mentioned her son. Besides, I knew that she was as tormented by her continued bondage in a DP camp as every other DP whom I had met in Bavaria.

It was then that she told me about the margarine. In Dachau, where she had been imprisoned for two years, she had been a slave laborer. As such, her food ration had included a tiny portion of margarine weekly. This dab of fat was the treasure of the prisoners' starvation diet. Mrs. Baum made a crucial decision to which she clung tenaciously till liberation. In the pre-Dachau days, she had been a pretty woman with a fresh complexion. She determined to save her skin, in the literal sense. She habitually hid her dole of margarine and smeared a shred nightly on her face to keep it supple.

There had been nothing about Dachau to make her beauty conscious. Like the other inmates, she became a haggard skeleton; her hair turned gray after the killing of her child, and even her ingenuity could contrive no hair dyes in Dachau. In addition, she was well aware that her turn for the final journey to the crematorium might come at any time, but she was sustained by a fierce conviction that she would survive.

"I didn't get pneumonia," she said to me proudly, "even when they kept us standing for hours barefoot in the snow. I had only a thin dress without underwear, but I was sure I would live to be

liberated. That's why I didn't eat the margarine. I didn't want to be ugly when I was free again."

When I saw her, nearly two years after "liberation," her pluck had shown results. She had preserved her face and she had re-married. And as soon as she had saved enough cigarettes and chocolate sent her by friends, she had exchanged them for further beauty aids. Of course the salvage was only skin deep. The tears that reddened her eyelids whenever she looked too long at the nearby photographs spoiled the effect of many a self-administered beauty treatment. But she was holding on tight to her values, commonplace though these might be. I came upon many more spectacular demonstrations of courage among the Jewish survivors, yet whenever I think of grit I somehow find myself recalling a starving, freezing woman in Dachau who did not eat her bit of margarine so as to be worthy of the brave new world she anticipated. "Hitler wasn't going to kill me, and he wasn't going to make an old hag of me," she explained. And then, as though in answer to an unspoken criticism, she added, "You think there are more important things to worry about than looks? Well," her eyes filled again with the tears that seemed always so near the surface, "if they don't let us out of here soon, perhaps I won't care either." That was the first admission of defeat I had heard her make.

In the ancient city of Ulm, dominated by the medieval cathedral which is one of the glories of Gothic architecture, there is another large DP camp. There, as in Landsberg, the inmates live in cold, overcrowded barracks which once housed the Stormtroopers. Unlike Mrs. Baum, most of them are too preoccupied with getting enough to eat and wear to worry about appearances, and few of the women I saw had either her native or acquired charms. As you go from squalid room to room,

"I HOPE I AM NOT ABUNDANT"

unhappy eyes look at you anxiously, and you hear the constant indignant demand: "How much longer will we stay here?" You are ashamed to admit that you do not know the answer.

Many are eager to tell you how they survived, as though that miracle were warrant for a further right to live. This one had lain for a year in an underground cellar; that one had clambered stealthily out of a mass grave. Perhaps because such agony and endurance are overwhelming, I find myself returning mentally to a frail little woman who had saved her family quite simply.

When rumors of an imminent extermination "action" reached the small Polish ghetto where she had been immured, a mass flight of Jews started. Toward dawn, before the exit from the ghetto could be blocked by the expected Nazi Stormtroopers, men, women, and children ran out blindly on the road. This woman, her husband, and their two children joined the exodus. Suddenly she noticed one man turn from the main road along which all were fleeing. Despite the protests of her family who wanted to stay with the crowd, she insisted that they follow the man. She explained, "Most of us were strangers in the section; we had been sent to this ghetto from all parts of Poland. This man happened to be a native of the area. I figured that if he turned in another direction, he must know some hiding place." In the haste and panic of flight, she had still had presence of mind enough to notice the man's departure and make the necessary deduction. Her reasoning proved sound. Her family followed their unwitting guide to a secluded wood near a stream. After this initial escape came long months of hiding in haylofts and in forests, in the course of which one child died. But the nucleus of the family had been saved. The others, who fled along the main road, ran straight into a

battalion of Stormtroopers who had been dispatched to round them up.

Almost each DP has a story of fortitude and intelligence, in addition to just plain luck, to explain his survival. Now these homeless human beings wonder whether the struggle was worth while. The most terrible words I have ever heard are those uttered over and over again in the DP camps: "Let them start the crematoriums again, if they won't let us live."

It was my business to find worthy candidates for DP scholarships offered by the Hillel Foundation. A limited number of openings in American universities were available, and I was expected to compile a list of young people who would receive the chance to study for two years in the United States. To determine who should be given a two-year respite from the slow rot of DP existence was not easy. The problems that arose in connection with such a selection provided an illuminating insight into the tragedy of the young DP.

Most of the candidates had no diplomas or school records. These had been consumed in the flames that destroyed their families and cities. Their studies had been interrupted in 1939, and, as they pointed out, six years in ghettos, woods, and concentration camps had not sharpened their grasp of academic subjects. Nevertheless, some examination had to be devised which would be sufficiently general to allow for wide divergences in schooling and background and yet be sufficiently concrete to permit an estimate of cultural attainments and intelligence. My committee decided on comprehensive questions in literature, history, physics, and geometry.

Then there was the question of language. Most of the candidates came from Poland, Hungary, Lithuania, or Austria. In what language should the test be answered?

A rudimentary knowledge of English

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was essential. The candidates were directed to fill out the questionnaire with the usual data about birth, schooling, etc. in English. Literature and history were preferably to be answered in German, French, or Yiddish. (Most had learned German in concentration camps in Germany, or later in the DP camps.) Physics and geometry might be answered in their native tongue.

The results were extraordinary. Paper after paper was answered in three languages—reasonably adequate English, very good German, and, naturally, excellent Polish or Hungarian. It was an impressive exhibition of industry as well as ability. The knowledge displayed had been acquired under the greatest odds.

One of the English questions to be answered was the query: "Why do you think you should receive a scholarship?" The majority explained, in barely adequate English, that their families had been killed, and they wanted a chance. A few were more eloquent. A Polish youth interested in science wrote: "My definite aim is to work on, up till it is possible, as my private life is absolutely ruined, after the death of mines. With help of God, work for Humanity and Knowledge, that by this means I should help in a very slight manner to a better peaceful future."

A handsome Hungarian boy, with beautiful dark eyes, concluded his infinitely wistful "curriculum vitae" with the words: "I hope I am not abundant in this world." It took me a little time to figure out that "abundant" meant "superfluous."

Because of the limited openings, only thirty candidates were selected. After the list was published, Peter, whose name did not appear, came to my office in Munich to assure me that he would try to improve for "the next time." Peter is a tall, pleasant-faced boy of nineteen who always seemed a little breathless in his zeal to "try." He hesitated a moment, then asked

shyly, "Perhaps you would like to hear me play? I brought my violin." The connection with a Hillel scholarship was not obvious, but I could not refuse. As no empty room was available, Peter took out his violin in the bustling office and began playing—without notes—a long Mozart Concerto. I am no judge of music and have no idea how meritorious the performance was, but Peter playing Mozart in the hope that it would get him a student visa is a scene I am not likely to forget.

The majority of the Jewish DP's still have their hearts set on Palestine. They long with all the strength of their spirit for a Jewish homeland. However, as time passes, an increasing number seek to go to any country which offers a chance for a wholesome, active life. Their problem as that of the rest of the displaced persons of all faiths—four-fifths of them Protestant and Catholic—can be solved only through resettlement. The gates of the world must open—in Palestine, in the Western Hemisphere, in South Africa, in Europe (Norway's recent acceptance of a sizable number of refugees is a case in point). It is high time that the able, eager human beings now doomed to the gradual decay of DP life should cease to feel "abundant." The United States became truly abundant through the brains and energy of men and women such as are now frittering away their lives in DP camps. Passing the Stratton Bill, or similar legislation, is one of the ways for Americans to end this waste, stupid as it is unjust.

Marie Syrkin is an old friend of COMMON GROUND readers. Her new volume, Blessed Is the Match, about Jewish resistance in Europe and Palestine (1939-1946), has just been published by Knopf.

SONGS FOR OUR NATION OF NATIONS

LANGSTON HUGHES

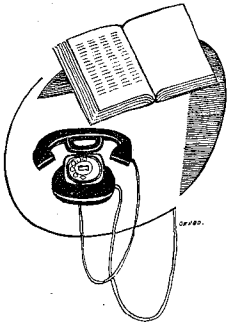
THE KIDS IN SCHOOL WITH ME

When I studied my A-B-C's
And learned arithmetic,
I also learned in public school
What makes America tick:

The kid in front
And the kid behind
And the kid across the aisle,
The Italian kid
And the Polish kid
And the girl with the Irish smile,
The colored kid
And the Spanish kid
And the Russian kid my size,
The Jewish kid
And the Grecian kid
And the girl with the Chinese eyes—
We were a regular Noah's ark,
Every race beneath the sun,
But our motto for graduation was:
One for All and All for One!
The kid in front
And the kid behind
And the kid across from me—
Just American kids together—
The kids in school with me.



WE'RE ALL IN THE TELEPHONE BOOK



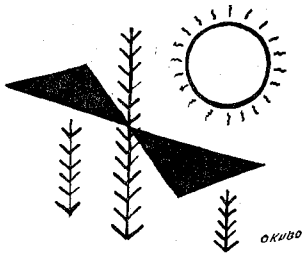
We're all in the telephone book,
Folks from everywhere on earth—
Anderson to Zabowski,
It's a record of America's worth.

We're all in the telephone book.
There's no priority—
A millionaire like Rockefeller
Is likely to be behind me.

For generations men have dreamed
Of nations united as one.
Just look in your telephone book
To see where that dream's begun.

When Washington crossed the Delaware
And the pillars of tyranny shook,
He started the list of democracy
That's America's telephone book.

FRIENDLY IN A FRIENDLY WAY



I nodded at the sun
And the sun said, Howdy do!
I nodded at the tree
And the tree said, Howdy, too!

I shook hands with the bush.
The bush shook hands with me.
I said to the flower,
Say, flower, how do you be?

I spoke to the man.
Strange man he touched his hat.
I smiled at the woman—
Our world is smiling yet.

Oh, it's a holiday
 When everybody feels that way!
 What way? —Feeling friendly
 In a friendly way.



CHILDREN'S SONG

Carmencita loves Patrick.
 Patrick loves Si Lan Chen.
 Xenophon loves Mary Jane.
 Hildegard loves Ben.

Lucienne loves Eric.
 Giovanni loves Emma Lee.
 Natasha loves Miguelito—
 And Miguelito loves me.

Ring around the Maypole!
 Ring around we go—
 Weaving our bright ribbons
 Into a rainbow!

These songs are excerpts from various drafts of preliminary lyrics of an ensemble song for Street Scene, which finally became in the Broadway production the graduation song, "Wrapped in a Ribbon and Tied in a Bow," showing visually rather than lyrically the different nationalities in an American city, and presenting by indirection their unity and friendship, included in the Columbia record album of the songs from Street Scene, music by Kurt Weill, book by Elmer Rice, lyrics by Langston Hughes.

The illustrations are by Miné Okubo.

THE "LOST GENERATION" OF DUTCH AMERICANS

ARNOLD MULDER

JUDGING by such books as O. E. Rölvaag's *Peder Victorious*, as well as by some of the short stories of such writers as Ruth Suckow and Anzia Yezierska, there is often a "lost generation" among the descendants of immigrants. Not the foreign-born children of the newcomers, at least not usually so; more often the grandchildren. Or it may be the American-born children in one family and the grandchildren in another, and they may lose their way at different times. It is not so simple as the case of the generation Gertrude Stein counted lost, who had all been battered by life at the same moment. At least on the Dutch American frontier the wanderers in the wastelands were scattered through several decades, which is the reason their lost condition has usually been overlooked.

Even those writers among them who have turned their own group into fiction have usually no more than hinted at the truth, perhaps because they were not objective enough to see the whole picture. Writers for some other new-immigrant groups have been more successful in this respect. There are numerous portrayals, for instance, of the lost condition of the second or third generation of Russian children in America. If their fictional biographers are to be believed, such children invariably reacted dramatically, often even hysterically, to the obstacles thrown in their path by the older generation. Confronted by similar social crises, Dutch American young people were likely to take it quietly, too mortally afraid of scenes to be dramatic about it.

But not too insensitive to suffer, to develop the unhappy feeling of being condemned to live between two worlds, one dead and the other powerless to be born. And intelligent enough to understand that even if they did keep their mouths shut, they would still win the condemnation of such writers and speakers as took cognizance of this irrepressible battle between the generations. The parents have almost always been portrayed as rough diamonds, sound and noble at the heart, even though socially they might fall short; the children have usually been condemned as shoddy sons and daughters of essentially noble sires. "O Pioneers!" "O tempora! O mores!"

At least that is the line most of the writers about the Hollanders have taken. Those writers, in the very nature of things, have usually been recruited from the ranks of those who were no longer lost—perhaps the third, perhaps the fourth generation. They could comfortably be sentimentally romantic about the crude forefathers of the hamlet; they had roots of their own in their own soil, and to them the very crudenesses of their ancestors were picturesquely interesting. To the generation bearing the brunt of the transition to a difficult Americanism, trying desperately to hold its own in the sex and business competition with more fortunately born natives, the battle with their own parents often meant something very close to tragedy.

For the parents, the actual pioneers—and sometimes their immediate sons and daughters as well—continued to live spirit-

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ually in Holland after they had arrived in America; many merely made a living in this country, they did not authentically live here. Most of the American-born children could not live or breathe in the European land of their fathers; sometimes they thought of it with bitterness and hatred. But they found breathing somewhat difficult here too; they were conscious of a baffling sense of "otherness." They did not "belong" in the wholly unconscious way in which young natives with whom they were thrown belonged. If their natures were positive, the fact filled them with rage; if timid, with fear; if gentle and thoughtful, with a sense of frustration.

If they had an instinct for expression, they sometimes tried to compensate for their sense of lack by turning on the generation which brought them here and which complacently, often self-righteously, continued to dwell elsewhere. They turned in savage hatred, or in sorrow, or in bewildered reproach, depending on temperament. Often what they wrote had little more than a catharsis value. But no matter how feeble the product might be, it served as a release, and those who could resort to expression were the lucky ones.

It was not primarily they who made up the "lost generation," but their inarticulate fellows who were forced to live in an atmosphere of an alien culture at home and were expected to be "American" on the street, in the schoolyard, on the athletic field, in the sex and job competition. Deprived of the release of expression, they often arrived at semi-frustration. Without realizing it themselves, they frequently became no better than half-Americans; they had to wait for their own children to go all the way. They represented the hyphen that used to be regarded necessary in describing immigrant groups; they lived partly homeless between two worlds, neither alien fish nor quite American

fowl. They were the "lost" immigrant generation on the Dutch American frontier.

They, not their fathers, are the "forgotten men" of the Dutch mass migration. It is quite the fashion, and properly so, to celebrate the courage and the endurance of the immigrant generation. They left the settled life of home and friends, braved the Atlantic, and settled in the wilderness. Tearing up one's roots is no small thing. The terrors of the Atlantic were not imaginary; the accounts alone of the funerals at sea on those six or eight weeks' journeys in the crowded steerage of sailing ships wrench the heart of the reader even a century later. And the wilderness, the mosquito-infested swamps, or locust-menacing prairies were not havens of rest and comfort. The men and women who stood up to such things are deserving of all the paeans of praise that are offered up to them. "O Pioneers!" is not mere romanticism.

But many facts are conveniently forgotten by the rhapsodists to keep their poems of praise keyed to the tune of heroic drama—such, for instance, as the fact that weaklings were not unknown among the pioneers, and that there was narrow-mindedness, and sometimes stubborn insensitivity. The specific gravity of genuine heroism was not as high as legend, romanticized by pride of national background, would have posterity believe. It never is, whatever the group. Yet even after the romanticism has been corrected and compensated for by sober realism, there is reason enough left for panegyric.

But there is also something to be said for those who came later, for the "lost generation." The pioneers had something to sustain them. Their American-born sons and daughters bore the brunt of many of the physical hardships, but what they had to sustain them was at best secondhand. The pioneers had grown up in Holland,

with its centuries-old culture. For them the greatest evil was exile; they suffered from loneliness and homesickness. But—and this was important—they had a spiritual home to be sick for. Some of their children had no home at all in the true sense. The older people had brought their lares and penates with them from Holland; their children or grandchildren had no household gods—it takes a true god as long to grow in a new soil as it does a fir tree. The children had to face the rigors of near-frontier life with the support only of the gods their elders had grown in an alien civilization. Cut off from the culture that had produced those gods, and also cut off, sometimes even more completely, from an American culture through which they might have grown their own deities, they often gave the impression of being somewhat degenerate sons of heroic sires.

The pioneers on the Dutch frontier did not lack books; many had brought some from Holland. But that was small comfort to the younger people when their own language had become, or was in the process of becoming, English. Nor did the foreign-language newspapers like *De Grondwet*, *De Standaard*, *De Hollandsche Amerikaan* fill the cultural vacuum. Perhaps as a great concession to the new generation, a family might take in a paper in which a few columns in English were found, but written by men who did their thinking in Dutch.

The language used in the family was normally Dutch, or rather one of the provincial dialects of the Netherlands, which have an uncouth sound to sensitive ears. Only a very small minority of the people on the Dutch frontier spoke a language that did not make the educated Hollander wince. The Dutch American child was likely to develop the mistaken feeling that the language of his fathers was inherently crude. The members of one provincial group were quick to ridicule the

dialectal peculiarities in the speech of another group. The children or grandchildren of immigrants from Overijssel might mingle in the school yard with pupils whose ancestors hailed from Gelderland or Drenthe. Gelderland jeered at survivals of Overijssel pronunciation, and Overijssel jeered back with still more searing ridicule at the alleged uncouthness of the ancestral speech of Gelderland. There was no way for such children to learn that one was about as grotesque as the other, that the speech of both had about the same relationship to classic Dutch that the dialect of Hardy's Wessex peasants has to the language of Wordsworth. Nor was there much opportunity for them to learn that Dutch is one of the most beautiful of Europe's languages. Some smattering they got of the real thing from the pulpit, but that weekly lesson in linguistics could not begin to compete with the drag of Dutch dialect the rest of the time. Quite understandably a member of the "lost generation" might become ashamed of the speech of his fathers, something that should have been reason for pride.

Nor was the substance of the talk he heard at home usually adapted to the needs of the young American of the "lost generation." The history of Holland was the native history of the pioneer generation; the national heroes of the Netherlands were that generation's heroes. But they were not the history or the heroes of a larger number of growing boys and girls than the older people suspected. Those European demigods remained as unreal to a Dutch American boy as his own national heroes—Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Hamilton—were shadowy to the pioneer elders. Lincoln was well known to both generations: the pioneers had voted for him, or against him, and slavery had been their first real political issue in this country; and the younger generation had of course met him in a history book in school.

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But for the most part the two groups had two different sets of national gods. Because of this not a few of the imperfectly rooted young Americans developed the feeling that they were somewhat less than native to their own country. It was from such that the "lost generation" was constantly being recruited.

Usually they had but small opportunity to make compensating corrections through reading. Even in the days of the third generation, public libraries, except in the larger towns, were unknown. If, as occasionally happened, a sketchy township library was maintained, it was almost certain to be inaccessible to most of the eager ones by reason of distance and a lack of understanding on the part of the guardians of the volumes that books are meant to be read. For the most part, until about the close of the 19th century, libraries were non-existent, at least on the rural and village frontier.

Not that some of the young Dutch Americans of those communities, who were likely to be hungry for American books almost in proportion to the degree to which they sensed their "lost" condition, did not often manage to read English classics. Now and again they were the beneficiaries of fortunate accident. A broken set of Dickens or a stray volume of Cooper or even a mammoth one-volume Shakespeare might seep by the process of a kind of cultural osmosis into a community. Perhaps no one would be quite clear where they came from; to book-starved boys and girls they might seem like an oasis of cool water in a desert.

But there was always the hazard that it would prove a Tantalus find. Parental suspicion of the uncomprehended was often so great that legends are legion of eager boys being forced to read Shakespeare himself in secrecy behind the barn, the way other boys learned to smoke. Shakespeare's works were plays, and to many

Hollanders of the pioneer generation all plays were lures of the devil. Many members of the "lost generation" merely went without books: the foreign-language volumes of their fathers meant nothing to them; the books of their own America were considered unnecessary if not positively harmful.

They were thus compelled to go without many of the tools of their own culture; they were unable to convert those of their European fathers into tools that would serve their own needs. And they lived one life at home, another in the schoolroom. It is hardly surprising that some of them became confused and lost their way. For they had to travel their own road to the world—usually more or less alone. The majority of their contemporaries simply, and for them sensibly, followed the path of least resistance.

Not that all this was clear to the unhappy members of the "lost generation" on the Dutch American frontier. For the most part they understood their own trouble only as acute discomfort, and were incapable of making even a loose diagnosis. To be lost is one thing; he who understands that he is lost has already half found his true way.

The result often was a kind of group inferiority complex. It is too easy to suggest that the sons and daughters of immigrants, or their grandchildren, were under a kind of personal obligation to rise above such feelings; the feelings often went too deep for such facile solutions. Many were ashamed of the very thing that should have filled them with the greatest pride, their descent. It carried for them connotations of a kind of taint, so that the phrase, "the Dutch of it," was made up of national self-reproach when used by members of that group, as it often was. This was obviously an unwholesome feeling, but one that very many acquired at one stage in their history in America.

Holland itself was thought of as a land of uncouth peasants, primarily perhaps because there was of necessity a good deal of uncouthness among a race of pioneers, and it was therefore that type that any member of the "lost generation" would be conscious of. Often too ignorant to correct his mistake by reading, and unable by reason of finances and a passionate distaste to correct it by visiting the land of his fathers, the second generation Dutch American carried through life the feeling that Holland was the one land in the world without glamour. Often he was that unhappy person, a man without an ancestral country.

Was that his own fault, because he had grown what Louis Couperus has called a "small soul"? In part yes, but losing his way must have been due to something more than an individual lack; there have been too many instances of it on the Dutch American frontier in the course of the group's history to make such an explanation tenable.

Now and again a member of the "lost generation" would attempt to find himself by losing his national identity in the general American population, going as far away from the home scene as possible. Occasionally this involved disguising his name, perhaps as much to reassure himself as deliberately to deceive others. The members of the "lost generation" were likely to regard a "Van" or a "De" in their names as a special slap at them by fate, and there are many other marks of Dutchness in the names, some of which the average American might not recognize as Dutch; but that did not make the suffering any the less for one who was saddled with such a name. A name ending in the syllable "ga," for instance, has been known to make its possessor cringe in self-conscious discomfort; or a name ending in "weg," which is simply Dutch for "way."

Not infrequently Dutch pioneer parents bestowed their own given names on their children, or more often those of their parents. In Holland such ancestral names were normal and natural; in the American scene they often had a grotesque look and sound, and to none more so than to the unfortunates who bore them. How would Americans pronounce a name like Sjoerd, or one like Foppe? It is not remarkable that a boy bearing such a name should be self-conscious about it when he enrolled in an American university or college or became a member of any other American group. Even later, when the Romantic Movement on the Dutch frontier had set in, and men in public life like Senator Vandenberg took pride in the possession of a name like Hendrick, those who bore the more grotesquely unfamiliar names remained self-conscious about them. Very sensibly some members of the "lost generation" simply changed their Dutch given names into American equivalents. But others, and they were the unlucky ones, had qualms, from a kind of national group conscience, about changing a name bestowed by revered parents. Also, a young man who spent his life in the home surroundings where he had been born, often found it impossible to gain acceptance for any change he might make.

Some members of the "lost generation" had a similar feeling about place names on the Dutch frontier. The early leader, Van Raalte, and his associates had valiantly tried to mitigate their sense of *heimweh* by giving their crude settlements in the Michigan woods the dear names from home—Holland and Zeeland and Drenthe and Vriesland and Overisel and Harderwijk and Graafschap. In Iowa, Scholte had given the Biblical name of Pella to his first settlement, but he and others also commemorated Holland's place names in other frontier towns—Amsterdam and Holland and Maurice and Middelburg and

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Nassau. The time came when not a few of those who were desperately trying to free themselves of their sense of "otherness" developed a feeling almost of hatred for the names that made up their home addresses. Sometimes the more aggressive even tried to persuade their neighbors to join them in Americanizing those Dutch place names. Their children and grandchildren would not thank them if they had succeeded; these are the generation of the Romantic Movement, and to them their home-place names have taken on a sentimental glamour.

Many of the forms of self-consciousness experienced by members of the "lost generation" were relatively harmless. Often they meant merely acute discomfort; but sometimes they had unfortunate consequences. Pride in national background, an emotion that in the main is wholesome and vitalizing, often became a species of group shame. And the rather extreme parochialism into which the Holland Americans had been born and under which they had been brought up became for them a curse that for some poisoned life.

This parochialism was perhaps no narrower than that of some other immigrant groups, but to the sensitive member of the "lost generation" of Dutch Americans it seemed unique, and he often rebelled against it with a passion out of all proportion to its importance. When he had been told from the cradle up that his people were the chosen people; that the institutions of all other communities should be judged—and largely condemned—in terms of the Dutch norm; that Dutch home life was the best, Dutch churches were the only possible churches, the Dutch way of life was the most desirable—when he had learned to accept all that as a matter of course, he not infrequently lost his bearings and swung about to an extreme of

revolt that was as ridiculous as his father's parochialism had been.

His greatest hazard in his personal battle for wholesomeness and social sanity, while he was traveling as best he could along his road to the outer world, consisted in the fact that he had to travel alone. He was usually not aware of thousands of others like him plagued by the same fears, hindered by the same tribal disabilities. The Dutch American "lost generation" was not a group with a group consciousness; it was spread over half a century or more in time, and it counted its members on several levels of culture, education, and social development. One youngster might belong to it while his twin brother did not even understand his trouble. Or a father might feel himself a member of the "lost generation" while his son might fit perfectly into the background of the Dutch American frontier. Seldom did any member of it have the support of a group or even of a small coterie. Usually he did not find himself in a spiritual sense until he had blundered into some "outside" setting in which he belonged. When that happened, the tribal associates of his youth were likely to count him "lost," but if he could succeed in developing the consciousness of having truly found himself, he knew that he was "saved."

But no amount of analysis can ever give an adequate conception of the "lost generation" on the Dutch American frontier. It is a subject for a future great novelist.

Arnold Mulder has contributed frequently to COMMON GROUND on the subject of Dutch Americans. This piece will be part of his new book, Americans From Holland, to be published in the fall by J. B. Lippincott as the first volume in the Peoples of America Series, which is under the general editorship of Louis Adamic.

ADOBE STEPCHILDREN

DOROTHY L. PILLSBURY

MANY years ago, before my own roots had become fixed in adobe, I met my first Navahos. The bus on which I was traveling stopped late one night in Albuquerque. The driver began packing into it weary, bewildered, Indian children evidently released from Indian school for the summer.

Little girls were accommodated in the few empty spaces and overflowed onto the jumper seats in the aisle. Little boys were hoisted to the roof and wedged in among the baggage. As the bus sped through the black miles toward Gallup, I shuddered every time we lurched over a chuckhole or veered around a curve. Those boys up among the suitcases!

That ride through the black night with Indian youngsters clinging precariously to the roof of a speeding bus or wedged in among people who resented their presence is strangely symbolic of what is happening to the Navahos today. They find themselves clinging to the speeding vehicle of a modern age with their only place the wind-blown rooftop among the excess baggage. Another bus picked up those bewildered children in the dim morning hours in Gallup and scattered them at various trading posts through the vast Navaho reservation. Sometimes they hung around the trading posts for days, not knowing where to go as their nomadic families had moved on to summer camps far afield. Displaced persons in the form of Indian school children were not unknown in those days, here in the U.S.A.

It is the great disadvantage of the Navahos that they are probably the most picturesque of all the southwestern Indians. Good citizens want to keep them uncorrupted—that is quaint. Fifty-six thousand of them live on a vast reservation of thirty thousand square miles, breathtaking in scope and wild natural beauty. They are increasing at the rate of a thousand a year.

People accustomed to the poverty of crowded city slums fail to recognize the terrible poverty of Navaho Land—as big as five New England states. Sun-drenched and wind-swept, it spreads its fantastically sculptured distances a mile above the sea to luminous, snow-topped mountains rising from red sandstone hills tufted with dwarf cedar.

There was a time when I even envied the Navahos. On a brief vacation from work in the slums of a great city, I saw four Navaho women racing their horses



across a ruler-edged mesa top. Their long petticoats blew in the wind, sunlight glinted on their silver ornaments, and their bright velveteen jackets were blue, green, and cherry red against the sky. Lucky, lucky, free women!

I saw one sitting on a hillside, her sheep nibbling quietly at sparse grey-green vegetation. She sat immovable, looking at a sky full of cumulus clouds. Lucky, lucky woman who could sit all day on a hillside and look at the sky!

At Pueblo Indian dances, Navahos always point up the picture. From hundreds of miles away they come by covered wagon and on horseback to join their one-time enemy's festivities. They are the world's greatest visitors. Their campfires smolder fragrantly in the lee of white, hooded wagons. During the dances they sit, row on row, edging flat roof tops along dusty plazas. Their velveteen jackets, silver buttons, and voluminous skirts make blobs of color against the blue sky.

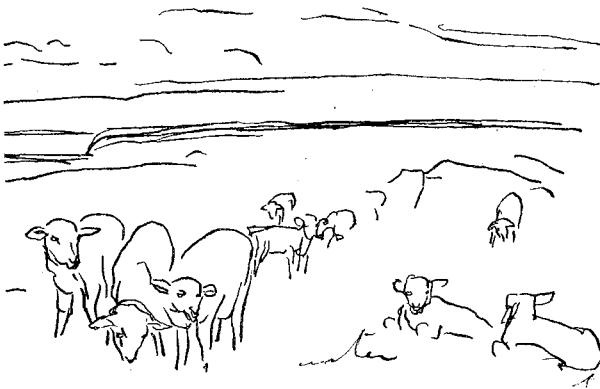
Between dances they wander about in their hand-wrought silver and turquoise jewelry, evidence of their social standing. The more bracelets and strings of turquoise, the higher the rating—a kind of Navaho Blue Book. Wherever they pause to converse with Pueblo dwellers, ripples of laughter eddy about. The Navahos are

a witty people, famous for the humorous names they can bestow. During the war, they always referred to the little man of the Third Reich as "Smells His Mustache" and to his companion from across the Alps as "Gourd Face."

"Smells His Mustache" and "Gourd Face" all unknowingly brought a little relief financially to the Navaho people and held off for a few years the starvation and grief that was slowly closing in on them. Thirty-five hundred of their young people went into uniform with the highest record of voluntary enlistments for any group in the country. Ten thousand others, for the first time in history, left the reservation for work in wartime factories. The "hard goods pole" at the nearest trading post emptied of silver and turquoise jewelry left in pawn for sacks of flour and cans of coffee. Allotments and factory wages poured in. The Navahos almost returned to the proud position of "The People," when they and their cousins, the Apaches, dominated the Southwest.

After peace, back like homing birds came the Navaho warriors and workers to their gaudy but arid homeland, back to the old familiar certainties of hunger, cold, sickness, and bewilderment. The "hard goods pole" at the traders began to fill again with turquoise earrings and heavy silver chains. By October of 1946 I saw over the full pawn pole in one trader's the sign, "Please do not ask to borrow your pawn."

Everything was just the same except 3,500 young people returned from the far places of the earth, and 10,000 Navaho war workers who had been living in American cities. At nightfall, fires of fragrant cedar burned redly in front of scattered hogans. Navaho girls, rattling stones in an old tin can, led their de-



pleted flocks to distant water holes. Men sat in the shade of great rocks and hammered out on a bit of railroad tie the hand-wrought jewelry for which they are famous. Horse-drawn wagons crawled twenty miles over threads of roads to fill their water barrels at the nearest source of supply. Women sat patiently before primitive looms strung between piñon trees and wove at about three cents an hour profit their rugs for the tourist trade. Hardly anyone was speaking English. Guttural Navaho sing-songed wherever the tribesmen met. As wild as chipmunks and as unschooled, fifteen thousand Navaho children of school age peered round-eyed at returning uniforms.

During the war years, the wholly inadequate school system had gone to pieces as completely as if it had been blitzed. In 1942 there had been eight government boarding schools and seventy-three day schools to serve twenty thousand children scattered over a territory five times as big as Massachusetts. By 1944-45, twenty-three of those day schools had been closed and several of the boarding schools had been declared too old to be safe or sanitary.

The government day school that had worked out well in the closely knit Rio Grande Pueblos had not been successful in far-flung Navaho Land where hogans were scattered fifty miles apart. Some children traveled twenty miles by wagon or on horseback before they could pick up the school bus. From October to May, the dirt roads that weave like a huge spider web through the reservation are hazardous and often impassable. Blizzards sweep them in winter and sandstorms in spring. They wind up the dry beds of streams where "flash floods" roar in summer storms. Buses went to pieces for want of repair and parts. Gasoline could not be obtained. Drivers and teachers went into uniform or away to factory work.

Navaho women made a heartbreaking effort to keep some of the day schools open. They were more than schools to them. Here they could fill their empty water barrels, use the school sewing machine to make petticoats that require ten yards of material, have a letter from a soldier son read to them. They turned storerooms and even the schoolhouse itself into temporary dormitories. As there were no appropriations for anyone to stay with the children, they took turns staying themselves and did the cooking. In spite



of their best efforts, school after school closed. Fifteen thousand young Americans are growing up without a word of English and no schooling. How are they to become voting citizens?

Navahos are citizens. "Washington" made them all citizens after the First World War. But they cannot vote in the states of Arizona and New Mexico because of local laws. Arizona says no "ward" of the government can vote in that state. New Mexico says no Indian can vote who does not pay property tax. Yet Anglo and Spanish American citizens of this state

who do not own a square inch of New Mexican soil vote and hold political office. Returning Navaho soldiers decorated with medals and wearing citations are asking if such a law is not discriminatory.

"We have done everything 'Washington' has asked us to do," they say. "Look at the way we have cut down our flocks of sheep to please 'Washington.'"

Time was when Navaho sheep numbered thousands and tens of thousands. It was a poor family that could not give a lamb to each newborn child and build up the child's flock from year to year until at maturity each child had the start of a living.

Since about a decade ago, the government has limited Navaho flocks to ten sheep per person or an average of fifty to a family. Erosion was the reason for the order—overgrazing—thousands of sheep nibbling at sparse semi-desert vegetation, arroyos growing deeper every year, grazing land disappearing under drifting sand, water holes drying up. And, worst of all, silt drifting into the White Man's Boulder Dam! Yet no family can live from such a flock. Sheep, the mainspring of Navaho economy, have been whittled down to practically nothing and no substitute economy has been built up.

The government ruling in itself was probably well founded. The mistake was that the reasons for it have never been well understood, especially by the Navaho women who are the shepherds and the weavers. And the horror is that the livelihood of a whole people was cut to almost nothing and nothing offered in its place.

Farming will not do it in spite of square mile heaped on square mile. Only one river of any size, the San Juan, flows through the reservation. For many miles it flows between sandstone walls 1,000 feet high. Actually the average farm land per person works out to about one-half acre. Add to this a ninety-day growing

season in a mile-high climate given to freakish whims, and the wonder is that the Navaho farmer grows as much as he does.

The only other sources of income are piñon nuts, which grant a good harvest about once in seven years, silversmithing, rug weaving, and day labor. In Albuquerque, in California, and in the Middle West, companies have been incorporated for millions to produce punched-out duplicates of the Navahos' exquisite silver work. All that is left for the Navaho silversmith is the luxury market which demands hand work. This market is problematical as is that of all artists. Work as diligently as she may, the Navaho woman weaver, if she cards, washes, spins, dyes, and weaves the wool from her flock into rugs, can make but a few pennies an hour clear. Can it be expected that young Navaho women who have made as much per second in a war factory will turn with joy to a tribal craft? From all sources the average weekly income per person in Navaho Land is one dollar and fifty cents.

It is an income that does not make for health. In Arizona, of four thousand young Navahos examined for army service, one out of eleven had tuberculosis. If this is an indication of the rate on the reservation, the tribal rate would be fourteen times higher than the national average. Twelve per cent of the boys examined had eye defects, chiefly trachoma which leads to blindness. Three babies out of ten die during the first year. Epidemics of measles sweep the reservation annually.

To meet this condition there is not a single field doctor or nurse in all of Navaho Land. One full-time government dentist cares for fifty-six thousand people. There are only a few small government hospitals.

Social Security stops at the reservation frontier. The categorical aids for the aged, orphans, and half orphans, the blind, and

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crippled children do not exist in Navaho Land. There is one government social service worker for fifty-six thousand hogan dwellers living in probably the highest incidence of poverty, illiteracy, and sickness in the United States today. Here is a minority group about whom little is known by the average citizen. He cannot picture the situation because it is in a territory he does not know and concerns a people he has never seen.

A suggestion offered by people who do know something of the situation has been, "Well, why don't the Navahos move off the reservation? They are free to do so." One answer is that only about ten per cent of them speak English. Of four thousand young Navahos examined in Arizona for military service, only twelve per cent could be classified as literate. Most could speak no English. Seventy-five per cent of those accepted were illiterate. Fewer than one hundred Navahos were in high school in 1944-45. Without vocational training and some knowledge of English they cannot compete in peacetime industry.

But the main reason they do not leave the reservation is the old one—the same reason that drives the Little People of the world back to their war-ruined villages and farms. Eroded, swept by storms, beautiful beyond words, this is the Navaho homeland. They love every color-daubed inch. Here their roots are sunk in a vast network of tribal customs and poetic mythology.

Whoever has wandered over the remote tangle of dirt roads in Navaho Land understands this attachment. Almost one would be willing to starve and freeze along with the Navahos to have sight of blue pools and shining quicksand in the depths of cinnamon colored Cañon de Chelly—to sight, over the mesa's edge, Ship Rock in its sea of sage—to see on a summer's night a little fire of cedar burning redly

before a shadowy hogan in the mingled scent of sage and wood smoke—to hear the song of a Navaho on horseback as he approaches that fire out of the desert mystery of night.

The Navaho is not decadent. He is alert and virile, and a comparative newcomer to the Southwest. The evidence is that he migrated from the North into the Southwest about 1400. Wherever the cultures of other races have touched him, he has appropriated what seemed useful, has woven it into the fabric of his life, and raised it to an excellence high above the original.

He seized the horses of early Spanish colonists and became a tribe on horseback—the American Bedouin. In many a raid he appropriated the sheep of Spanish villages and built his tribal economy around them. He ran off with Spanish and Pueblo Indian looms—and even their weavers—with the result that his rugs are today museum pieces. He seized on the later-day craft of silver work and today executes pieces that are outstanding in design and workmanship. Some of his young people are taking their places in the world of artists.

The Navaho does not want to be a White Man. He wants simply to be an American citizen with some of the advantages of citizenship—the elective franchise, education, and something in his stomach besides a very little tough mutton, squaw bread, and broth from desert vegetation.

He looks with some amazement on the White Man who is now wandering in the far places of the earth to make treaties, when the one made with the Navahos in 1868, which promised a teacher and a school for each thirty Navaho children, has never been kept. He looks with amazement on the occasional white tourist in his expensive car who has brought his hurry, his worries, his fidgets, and his jit-

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ters with him to a haven of color and space.

The Navaho never fidgets, never has the jitters even if his stomach is empty and a blizzard is roaring between the cañon walls of Navaho Land. He does not try to control and exploit nature; he walks as nearly as he can in step with nature. Around this philosophy are built his ancient mythology, his ceremonials, and his daily life.

He is a man who can sing. You can hear him singing on horseback as he threads the dirt roads of his desert wilderness. He will travel a hundred miles to learn the words of a Navaho song he does not possess. He collects tribal songs as his white brother collects snuff boxes and first editions. Let the magic word, "Sing," travel by Navaho grapevine up and down the reservation, and the tribesmen start out by covered wagon and on horseback.

We followed such a convergence of tribesmen one night last October, up the sandy dry beds of streams, between the painted rocks, up to a shadowy mesa top where a cedar fire painted the mountain sides pink. Here several hundred white-topped wagons spread out in a vast semicircle. In front of every wagon was a smaller cedar fire, like stars around the moon. Using the backs of the wagons as a gallery seat, sat flowing-skirted, bright-jacketed Navaho women. Their children sat around them. Not once did a child whimper or cry through the long night. Not once was a child screamed at or spanked. Tall Navaho men wrapped in blankets and topped by big, eclipsing, felt hats moved like shadows from wagon to wagon. There was much talk in singsong

Navaho, many greetings, much laughter.

Ceremonial singing rose and fell through the night. There were long pauses when nothing happened. Navahos dozed beside their fires. Medicine men emerged from an indistinct hogan. A woman put a fresh cedar log on a fire. Neighbors drank coffee together. This was the last night of a nine-day ceremonial to cure the disease of a tribesman. The Navahos believe that sickness is the result of discord and they try with their ceremonials to restore harmony. Especially with their chanting and singing do they believe they can restore the fundamental relationship between man and nature.

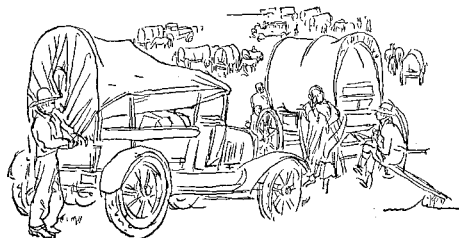
They sang as only massed Navahos can sing out in the desert wilds with starlight and firelight falling on their faces and glinting from their silver belts and necklaces. In Navaho they sang:

*"In beauty I walk,
with beauty before me,
behind me,
below me,
above me,
all around me."*

They believe that receiving and giving must flow in equal rhythm. It might happen that in return for the vote, schools, and a few paved roads, the White Man might in time receive a little of the overflow of that Something the Indian has and which we need in this age of atom splitting—and jitters.

This is another in the Adobe-land sketches Dorothy Pillsbury has been writing for COMMON GROUND over a period of years.

Bernadine Custer is the illustrator.



ATLANTA, U.S.A.

GLORIA GRANT

"TAXI, LADY?" the cab driver said, calling to the tall pale lady who stood in front of the railroad station in Atlanta.

"Oh, yes, please," she answered, her voice reflecting a note of relief.

The cab driver got out, helped her with her suitcase, helped her into the rear of the car, then climbed into the front himself.

The woman watched him. He was a fortyish looking, average sized man, with a face redder than a sunset and small brown eyes.

"You look kinda tired, Miss," his voice drawled.

"I am tired. I've been riding two days and I'm physically exhausted."

"Aw, I'm sure you're gonna feel better after you get a good hot bath and a soft bed to sleep in."

"I hope so."

She sank back into her seat, and the driver slowly started the automobile.

"Where to, Miss?" he asked.

"36 Chestnutt Street."

No sooner had she given the address than the car stopped abruptly. For a second the driver was too stunned to speak. Then he smiled and said, "Don't believe I heard you right, Miss."

"36 Chestnutt Street," the woman repeated.

"That's what I thought you said," the driver answered, "but you musta got the wrong address, 'cause that's a colored school you want to go to."

"Yes, I know. It's Atlanta University."

The man blinked. "You mean to tell me you really want to go?"

"Of course."

He turned completely around and stared at her. She smiled. She was used to cab drivers staring at her. They always stared when she pulled into southern towns and asked to go to Negro localities. Her skin was as white and her blond hair as straight as any white person's. She had thin, narrow lips, a sharp nose, and small mocking green blue eyes. No one would have guessed her racial identity. But she was a Negro.

The driver drove slowly. "Ma'am," he announced, "I can't take you to Atlanta University. I don't know where Atlanta University is."

The woman sank farther back into the seat. She pretended to be astonished; inwardly she smiled. It had happened before. The driver was white and white cab drivers didn't drive Negroes in Atlanta. But he'd never find out from her whether she was white or not. If she really were white, he wouldn't want to take her to a colored university, for, if he did, he wouldn't be protecting white womanhood.

"Do you mean to say you don't know where Atlanta University is?"

"That's right, ma'am. I don't know where it is at all."

"Why, isn't there a Chamber of Commerce in Atlanta? I always thought they saw to it their cab drivers knew the places of interest in the city."

"Yes'm, we've got a Chamber of Com-

merce, but they don't tell us where Atlanta University is."

She saw that, although the driver kept insisting he didn't know where the place was, they were traveling in the right direction.

"But that's one of the most important places in town," she went on. "People from all over the world come to visit it."

"Don't care if they do, ma'am, there's a lot of folks right in Atlanta don't know where it is. Most of these Nigras don't even know where their own college is. They couldn't tell you where Atlanta University is to save your life."

The woman smiled. "I don't believe you," she said.

"Why, that's a fact, ma'am. Most any white person can tell you that," he retorted. "I'll stop one of these Nigras and you'll see for yourself."

At that moment they were passing through the slums of Atlanta. For blocks nothing but rows and rows of ramshackle frame houses could be seen, and skinny, dirty, colored children playing in the streets. Coming in their direction was a tall, shabbily dressed Negro.

"I'm gonna ask that Nigra there. I bet he can't tell you where Atlanta University is."

Before the woman could reply, the driver stopped the car and stuck his head out the window.

"Boy," he asked, "can you tell me where Atlanta University is?"

The Negro stopped, hesitated a moment, then replied somewhat reflectively, "No, sir, sho couldn't tell you where that place is."

"Okay, didn't think you could," the cab driver said and started the car again.

"See what I told you, ma'am. These Nigras right here in Atlanta don't know where their own college is. Why should I know?"

"But that man was poor and ignorant.

Look at the kind of house he lives in, look at these garbage-filled, paper-littered streets, and these dirty underfed children. Why, that man probably never went to school! Naturally, he wouldn't be able to tell you where a university is."

"No ma'am, it ain't that," the driver insisted. "I can ask any Nigra anywhere in Atlanta and they can't tell you."

"Oh, I don't believe you," the woman answered.

He kept driving, protesting all the while he didn't know where the university was, hoping the woman would change her mind and go to a white hotel. But she didn't, and he kept driving in the direction of the university.

Finally he sighed. "Ma'am, I just can't understand it, why a white woman wants to go to a colored school! I've taken white men there once in a while, but I've never taken a white woman."

"Oh, I've got business there. I'm a business woman."

She knew he would have given almost anything to know what business a white woman had at a colored university, but she said nothing further. He kept driving, driving in the right direction.

Finally they arrived on the college campus.

"Lady," the driver said, "I'm gonna prove my point. Here comes a Nigra, fairly well dressed, looks like he may have something. I'm gonna ask him where Atlanta University is."

The Negro approaching them was about twenty years old, very well dressed, and the woman thought surely he must be one of the college students.

The driver called out, "Boy, could you tell me where Atlanta University is?"

The man looked directly at the cab driver. For a moment he said nothing. Then he replied intelligently, calmly, "No, I'm afraid I can't help you. I can't tell you where the university is."

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The driver started the car. "See, lady, I told you there ain't a Nigra in Atlanta that could tell you where their own college is."

The woman ignored his statement. "This looks like a college campus," she said.

"Yes'm," the driver answered, somewhat exasperated. "This is the colored school."

He drove her to the address she gave him, all the while repeating, "Sure can't see why a white woman wants to go to a Nigra school when all these dumb Nigras don't even know where it is themselves."

Finally he stopped the car, the woman got out, and he carried her baggage into the building.

"How much?" she asked.

"Sixty-five cents."

She handed him a dollar bill. "Keep the change."

"Thanks," the driver replied, turning to go, still shaking his head.

The woman hesitated. Should she tell him why no Negro would ever tell him where Atlanta University was? Smiling mockingly, she called out, "Ever tried using the word Mister when you ask a Negro where his university is located?"

The driver seemed puzzled. He watched the woman until she closed the door, then walked slowly to his cab, scratched his head, and wondered, "Now, what the hell did she mean?"

Gloria Grant was graduated at 19 from Fisk University a year ago. This was written during her senior year.

THE DOOR

HOWARD SINGER

IT WAS her first day and she was quite well dressed, her blond braids twisted without a single hair out of place where the ribbons were tied. She was short for a seven-year-old, short, and somewhat timid.

When Mr. Hines brought her in, the room seemed to spring at her all at once; it was big and airy and there were many windows in it, and there were flower pots on the window sills. There were many children, so many she couldn't look at any one of them, so she looked at the teacher.

"Here is your new pupil," Mr. Hines said. "Isn't she pretty?"

"She certainly is!" Miss Kline said.

The teacher bent all the way down to her and cocked her head to the side and smiled.

"My name is Miss Kline. What's your name?" she asked.

The little blond girl clutched her book a little tighter and said, "Jeannette Goldman," slowly and very low, so low that Miss Kline asked her to repeat it, and then to repeat it again before she heard it. The little girl pronounced the J softly. Mr. Hines said, "She's very shy, isn't she?" and Miss Kline said, "Yes, she is," and Mr. Hines said, "She'll get over it soon." He looked down and saw Jeannette staring up at him and said to Miss Kline, "We have no records for her. Could I see you alone for a moment?"

"Certainly," Miss Kline said.

They moved over to the window and Mr. Hines mumbled something and Miss

Kline looked surprised and mumbled something else. The children began to whisper, but Mr. Hines turned around and they were quiet again. They finished mumbling and Mr. Hines walked out of the room and Miss Kline went to her desk and wrote something.

Meanwhile Jeannette stood there, her right shoulder hunched slightly, looking at the faces of the other children when she wasn't watching Miss Kline and Mr. Hines. The faces kept looking back at her until Miss Kline finished writing her name down in a book.

Then Miss Kline came over to her and put her hand on Jeannette's raised shoulder. "You'll have to take posture exercises, dear," she said. And then: "Would you like to meet the other children, Jeannette?"

The little girl looked straight at her but didn't answer for a moment; then she nodded her head suddenly, twice.

Miss Kline smiled and took Jeannette by the hand and moved into the very center of the classroom, right before her big desk, and waited until the children were absolutely quiet. Then she said, "Class, we're going to have a new friend with us now. She is going to be with us when we study and she's going to be with us when we play. And we're going to show her how polite and how friendly we are. And if our friend has any trouble at all we're going to help her." Then she turned to Jeannette and said, "Tell the children your name, dear." Jeannette swallowed once, and then she swallowed twice, and the words came out so that the children in the first row heard her. All the time the buck-toothed boy in the second row made ugly faces at her. She swallowed again, and her breath was tight and hard in her body.

But the children in the back hadn't heard, and Miss Kline wanted them to.

After several trials she pronounced her name loudly enough for Miss Kline,

and she took her seat. She sat stiffly, keeping her hands still but feeling fumbly, as if she had upset a glass of milk.

Now and then Miss Kline would glance at her and smile and Jeannette would feel warm inside. Some smiles made you cold all over, but Miss Kline's smile made you warm. As the lesson went on, Miss Kline glanced at Jeannette more often and Jeannette sometimes knew that Miss Kline was smiling at her but didn't raise her head. She wanted to keep looking at Miss Kline but she couldn't. Each time she tried she felt like squirming and had to turn away.

She couldn't even look at the boy with the scab on his right knee who sat next to her. When he looked at her, she always looked away. Once he made his two fingers walk along the desk like two feet and fall into the empty inkwell, just like a man falling into a ditch. It was funny and the boy looked at her, but Jeannette didn't laugh; she just put her head down and stared at her desk.

In a little while a bell rang somewhere in the building. Jeannette gave a little half-jump and her right shoulder went up, but nothing happened and she sank back into her seat. Miss Kline looked at her watch quickly and gave an order. Jeannette didn't understand very well but the children seemed to know what to do. They collected their pencils and books and formed a double line at the front of the room and faced the door. Jeannette had only one notebook; she picked it up and followed the boy with the scab on his knee to the front of the room and felt her heart beating faster as she did. She didn't like lines; she didn't exactly know why. Something dark and vague and frightening happened when there were lines, but it had been a long time ago; she couldn't remember what it was.

Miss Kline gave an order and the children walked out and whispered when Miss

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Kline wasn't looking. Jeannette was next to the buck-toothed boy, and she asked him where they were going but he didn't understand her. She had forgotten and out of fear had spoken French, and the boy didn't understand. He just made a face and turned to someone and said something and the other boy laughed. Now the fear was upon her: big and black and clutching. Her breath came in short gasps, for this was the line. If she remained with the line things would go on, but if they called her out. . . .

A little way down the hall Mr. Hines was standing in a doorway, looking at the children as they passed and shushing them as they got too noisy. He shushed them nicely, his finger to his lips but smiling.

He saw Jeannette and smiled to her and beckoned. Jeannette didn't come. She didn't smile back. She dropped her book and froze. Mr. Hines caught Miss Kline's attention and pointed to the little girl. Jeannette saw the beckoning and the nod and his motioning to Miss Kline.

The fear was big now. It was bigger than the hall and the house; it was a sky fear and an earth fear and it filled them

both, and she felt surprised that it had happened to her here. For she remembered the line clearly now. She had seen others beckoned to and called out of line. Out of the shallow depths of her memory a line came forth and merged with the present line, and became one with it. And there came also a beckoning finger and a door, and with it there came hysteria, hot and clammy and sightless.

Her body grew tight and then sagged, and the screams came. Miss Kline came but Jeannette did not see her. She saw only the line and the man at the door beckoning, and she knew it had come to her.

The principal's office contained only a desk and two large chairs and a sofa, but Jeannette didn't know that; she had not been here long enough to know that a principal's office is not a crematorium.

A student at the Jewish Theological Seminary of America, Howard Singer is a former newspaperman, now working on the Eternal Light radio program. This is his first published story.

A POEM FOR PATRIOTS

PAUL H. OEHSER

It is time now—now that the heart leaps again
To the reddening maple and the yellowing corn,
The purple asters tease the frost to come on,
The shining scythe hangs quiet upon the beam,
The farmer pencils his yield on the barn door,
The still nights begin, and the year is ending—
It is time again, I say, for every man
To sing the land he loves.

For us it is time
To walk in the country far away from town;
To tramp in the woods beyond the beaten roads
And gather wild persimmons in our hat; climb
The shagbark tree to shake the hickory nuts down;
Sit by the orchard fence and watch the truckloads
Of harvest rocking along the weed-filled lane;
To walk early in the morning, misty and fresh,
Through the long vineyard rows while the dew still drips
From the cool clusters of grapes.

Or ride, ride, ride,
All day behind the wheel in the fall sunlight,
Drinking in the land flowing by like a stream,
Drinking in its breadth and its awful bigness—
The land coming at us faster than we can look,
The land rushing by in innumerable shapes
Endlessly, reel on reel of America—
It is time to sing it again as Walt Whitman
Sang it, to raise up the voice and be proud.

In the golden noon walk the ridge of the world,
Peer down into the Virginia valleys, wide
With quilted fields, shading the eyes with the hand;
Look out to the far blue haze clinging to mile
On mile of mountains, until the throat grows tight.

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Look out across the great sea of Kansas soil
Where bread is garnered for a sad world of mouths,
Harvest of sun and toil, beautiful as song;
Stand where the Colorado cuts earth in two
And turn away, speechless and unbelieving;
Follow Shoshone Canyon to the Yellowstone.
Gaze out over the wilderness, lose the breath
In the dizzy ice-peaks, fill up the unused lungs
With the fragrance of a million million pines,
Lay the bare palms on the unscalable wall;
Or again by blue Ontario's shore, call
To the dark clouds in the cupped hands, though no tongue
But thunder can penetrate the vast unfurled
Continent of space, no mind this side of death
Can more than half receive one returning echo.

It is time, now and always, to do these things:
It is not wrong to love our land; it is wrong
Only to love men who have forgotten it.
It is time to cleanse the mind clean as the sky,
To praise whatever land we love, to borrow
Hymns from the hills and solid prayers from the plains.

Paul H. Oehser is editor of the United States National Museum, Smithsonian Institution.

AMERICAN HARVEST

PEOPLE IN MOTION

ROBERT M. CULLUM

(In June of 1946, when the War Relocation Authority was preparing to close shop, Congress provided for continuing study of the adjustment of the evacuated Japanese Americans over the period of the following year. This was carried out by the Department of the Interior, which retained Robert M. Cullum, a former WRA Supervisor, as director of the project. Field work was done in Chicago, Denver, Seattle, Los Angeles, San Jose, Salt Lake City, and the Snake River Valley of Idaho and Oregon. The principal findings have been summarized here for COMMON GROUND by Mr. Cullum, whose full 270-page report, "People in Motion—The Postwar Adjustment of the Evacuated Japanese Americans," is available from the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D.C., at \$1.)

THE TITLE of the Department of the Interior report, "People in Motion—The Postwar Adjustment of the Evacuated Japanese Americans," is both misleading and inaccurate. It was, nevertheless, the most descriptive title we could devise for our findings.

The title is misleading if it suggests wholesale physical movement. There continues to be a slow drift toward the West, to which approximately six out of ten of those evacuated have returned, but more important is a pervasive unsettledness, a sense of having unanswered questions concerning location, economic activity, and social adjustment. As one of my Issei friends recently wrote, "It takes a long,

long time for a displaced person to take firm root in a new community." Completion of the process of resettlement will require another five or ten years; the human effects of the evacuation will not be fully evident short of that time.

The inaccuracy of the title lies in the fact that there is no such thing as the postwar adjustment of "the evacuated Japanese Americans." The fact of common ancestry, which was the basis of the evacuation, subsequently proved to be a shallow common denominator. The Japanese Americans who found themselves together in relocation centers came from a variety of economic and social settings and represented every level of adjustment to life in America. Relieved of the controls imposed by their former relationship to Japanese communities, they faced their new problems in relocation centers and in their return to normal American communities according to the kind of individuals they happened to be.

In reporting our findings we continually resorted to the phrase, "the range of adjustment." It can be demonstrated, for example, that John K., an engineering graduate who juggled fruit a good share of the ten years between his graduation and evacuation, is now in a responsible position in Detroit; but one must also account for Saburo Y., who operated a major retail business in Los Angeles before the war and who at last report was working as a gardener. It may be shown conclusively that public acceptance is nearly everywhere better than before the war, yet

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too many case histories involving discrimination in employment and housing are on record to permit complacency, even if the major question of denial of naturalization to the Japanese alien is for the moment not taken into account.

The thumping defeat in the last California election of Proposition 15—an initiative measure seeking to validate constitutionally certain of the California Alien Land Laws—can rightly be taken as a confirmation of changing sentiment in that state, but the present active prosecutions under the same Alien Land Laws gives proof that the question is far from settled. (For a comprehensive and authoritative discussion of the Alien Land Laws, see the March 1947 issue of the California Law Review for “The Anti-Japanese Land Laws of California and Ten Other States” by Dudley O. McGovney and “The California Alien Land Law and the 14th Amendment” by Edwin E. Ferguson.)

Without question, more Nisei throughout the country are today participating in that nebulous entity “the mainstream of American life” than has ever been the case before, yet the very great multiplication of exclusively Nisei athletic and social groups during the past two years should cause those who saw in dispersal resettlement of Japanese Americans an automatic road to that even more nebulous entity “integration” to re-examine both their data and their objective. In terms of participation in the affairs of the larger community, the range of adjustment has been very wide: from the infrequent larger community contacts of the resident of a segregated district whose employment is in a Japanese business, to the broad contacts of a person who lives away from others of Japanese descent and is employed in a non-Japanese establishment. Between these poles, most Japanese Americans will be found with the greater number closer to the first than the second.

There are, of course, a number of attitudes as well as problems common to all Japanese Americans. It is now definite, for example, that all segments of the group both desire and expect to make their homes in America. There is likewise strong belief among all that the Japanese American wartime record of civilian and military service, together with the peaceful submission to an evacuation none of them felt necessary, has demonstrated their right to the full privileges of citizenship.

In the process of settling down into a new place in American life, they have faced two sets of common problems—those resulting from the economic and social disruptions of the evacuation, and those relating to racial visibility.

Problems relating to group identification are of long standing. The evacuation provided a climax to anti-Japanese campaigns of the past. In mid-1942 the group's stock in American public opinion had fallen to near zero, and not a few openly advocated the expulsion of the Japanese from the country after the war. These racist hopes were undermined first by the WRA relocation policy and later by the reopening of military service to Japanese Americans; and they were utterly destroyed by Nisei steadfastness and valor on the battlefields of Europe and the Far East. Events since evacuation have not only erased the deep suspicion with which the group was viewed in 1942, but Japanese Americans have won a new place in the respect of their compatriots. It is a demonstrable paradox that one by-product of evacuation has been a lessening of the problems attending group identification.

If American opinion flows strongly in the direction of better acceptance, there is nevertheless a negative trend, out of step with the present majority viewpoint, but having great strength because it has the

sanction of law. Such statutes as the California Alien Land Law, which is now being actively enforced for the first time, clearly represents the *codification of past prejudice*. Such laws all turn for their legality to the discrimination inherent in Federal naturalization law, which denies the privilege of citizenship to aliens of Japanese origin. Ironically, the California Alien Land Law, which proved ineffective before the war as a means of keeping Japanese aliens out of agriculture, is now bearing with greatest severity upon citizen children who have arrived at an age to take over operations.

Discrimination in matters of employment and housing continues. There is, however, a defensive quality about such discrimination, and strong counter action by aroused community groups has frequently secured a reversal. Only where prejudice is backed by law is anti-Japanese discrimination riding high.

The housing problems of Japanese Americans, which remain severe, have been basically those of all Americans who have moved in the past five years. Probably less than half the group would admit to satisfactory housing. In the West, and to a much lesser extent in the Midwest and East, restrictive real estate policies have had some part in preventing movement to better housing. In almost all cases, however, it has been the refusal of real estate dealers "to show" in restricted districts, rather than restrictive covenants, that has been effective. The most difficult housing situation has been along the West Coast, especially in Los Angeles and the cities of the San Francisco Bay area. In Los Angeles Japanese Americans are still living in makeshift hotels and hostels where they went when relocation centers were closed. There has been no little complaint concerning rent gouging and poor living conditions against the operators of these places, who are themselves

very generally of Japanese background.

The stringency of housing has had much to do with the decision whether to return to the West, or remain at points of earlier relocation. It may be predicted with some certainty that when housing is readily available in the West, there will be new movement in that direction.

In most cases, however, the decision to remain in such places as Chicago or Detroit will hinge on economic prospects. Employment opportunities for trained professional men have proved materially better in the Midwest and East than on the Coast. For those whose economic roots have sunk deeply, the likelihood of movement will be small.

Economically, the changes in structure and relationship have been considerable.

Before Pearl Harbor, control over the means of livelihood of the West Coast Japanese Americans lay fundamentally within the Japanese community. Almost all were either self-employed on farms, in the professions, or in business, or they worked for such enterprises. In 1940, the census reports show that fully two-thirds of those gainfully employed were engaged in the growing or marketing of crops. While ultimate outlets depended on the general community, both the source of supply and the markets were within essential Japanese American control.

The evacuation destroyed the economic structure of the prewar Japanese communities of the West Coast. A fourth of the prewar farm operators—those who owned their land—retained property to which they could come back, but except for these and the few who left business establishments with competent and trustworthy managers, most of the evacuees returning to their former communities found it necessary to start from the beginning, much like those who settled in the Midwest and East. The complex and

far-reaching structure built around the growing, processing, and marketing of farm crops has not been revived.

Five years after the evacuation, the most obvious economic effect is a change from dependence for a livelihood on an economy fundamentally within the control of the Japanese community to general dependence by Japanese Americans upon employment found in the general community.

In this change, the brunt of economic disadvantage has been borne by the former entrepreneur; if some means of striking an average could be found, the results would show those dependent on employment before the war to be materially better employed now than then. With few exceptions, the able-bodied have secured well paying employment, both in the East, Midwest and on the West Coast. By the end of 1946, more Japanese Americans were employed in work for which they trained than had ever been the case before the war, and those working in positions requiring less skill or training are as well off in this period of full employment as other Americans.

This comparison is, however, subject to qualification in two respects.

The evacuation came before the full sweep of wartime employment had replaced the slack labor market of the 1930s, when well trained men of all backgrounds were having great difficulty in finding work. To a Nisei engineering graduate forced to utilize his talents at a corner fruit stand, there were obvious difficulties in distinguishing between discrimination and the bleak prospects of all job seekers. There is some feeling also, that if Nisei had been permitted to remain at home, war manpower shortages would have opened positions to them comparable to those later found in the East.

Conversely, the Nisei's favorable employment situation has yet to be tested by hard times, and not a few are fearful that in the event of a depression they will be the first fired. There can be no present certainty whether these fears have a real basis or not, although so far there has been little evidence of prejudicial firing.

The people are working excessively hard, particularly in the West, where they have had a shorter time in which to establish themselves. A gardener who works near Palo Alto noted: "Everybody I know around here is making money. Most people are earning more than ever before. But there is practically no social life. People haven't the heart for it. Everybody is still too unsettled. Not many expect to stay where they are. They are saving so they can get into something else when the chance comes. So everybody just works—evenings, Sundays, all the time."

His statement provides a basic insight concerning economic activity among Japanese Americans in the West. Everything is secondary to work. The people are driven by insecurity and a sense of urgency. They must make up their losses, prepare for future uncertainties, and get ready to take advantage of opportunities that may come along. And these things must be done now while jobs are abundant and wages high.

The attitude of Japanese Americans toward loss caused by evacuation is seldom expressed in a display of bitterness. There is hope of recovery through Federal action, but the people are not sitting on their hands while waiting for a check from the government. Legislation to establish machinery for hearing evacuation claims has been sponsored in both the 79th and 80th Congress by the Department of the Interior. Such legislation passed unanimously in the Senate of the 79th and the House of the 80th Congress. Early consideration is hoped for in the

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Senate in the session to open in January 1948.

If in comparative terms opportunities for employment are more widely open to Japanese Americans everywhere than before the war, it is still true that white-collar work for men remains rather severely limited in the West, although factory employment has greatly increased. Among women, however, few blocks to employment are found in any line, east or west. In Los Angeles, for example, Nisei girls are doing all kinds of office work, both private and public. In addition, several thousand Issei and Nisei women have found factory employment in the garment and related industries.

Other notable changes from the prewar situation are the decline in the relative economic importance of the first-generation men in both farming and business, as compared with the Nisei, and the fact that more Japanese Americans than ever before are receiving public relief.

Before the war, the number receiving public assistance was so negligible as to be the cause of widespread comment. The peak for public assistance came shortly after the closing of the relocation centers, with several thousand on the rolls. At the close of 1946, the numbers had diminished by more than half, but the rolls still carried well over a thousand names in the West Coast states. These were primarily the old and feeble, but included were a number who had large families, and who had been unable to find either housing or work adequate to their needs. There were practically no relief cases away from the West Coast.

The feeling of stigma attached to accepting public assistance has been greatly weakened by the evacuation experience. Their ill fortune, the people believe, was caused by public action, and many have come to accept the idea that assistance is

therefore a public responsibility, and properly to be taken.

The fact that employment outside the Japanese community has become the principal source of livelihood should not obscure the fact that many business enterprises have been revived, or new ones started. In Seattle, the hotel business which had been a primary enterprise, now compares to that before the war. In Denver, Chicago, Cleveland, and New York, new enterprises have sprung up in considerable number. In Los Angeles, the growing and marketing of flowers has made remarkable recovery in the face of great odds. In that city, however, the primary prewar industry, that of wholesaling and retailing fresh produce has made but the faintest of beginnings.

One reason for the slowness of recovery in the produce industry lies in the fact that three-fourths of the prewar agricultural enterprise was conducted on rented land which has not been available since the return. In Los Angeles County, where about one-fourth of all prewar West Coast farmers were located, less than 10 per cent owned their land. Thus a controlled source of supply is no longer available, even if a foothold could be gained in the market itself.

Those farmers who returned to their own land did not find insuperable difficulties in getting into immediate production, although not a few found both land and equipment in a sad state of disrepair. There was some initial difficulty in finding markets, but demand was strong, and when crops were ready, the boycotts fell apart, and produce was sold at good prices. With the Japanese wholesale markets gone, the pattern of agriculture has changed in the direction of that of the general community. Indeed, a familiar American pattern seems to be repeating itself. The history of American agriculture

is full of examples of immigrant farmers who have driven themselves and their families hard, who developed new land into valuable property in the expectation of passing along to a succeeding generation their own love of the soil and a willingness to work, and who saw their sons go off to become doctors, lawyers, and mechanics in an American city where hours were less exacting and returns less dependent on the vagaries of weather and the market.

As with other Americans, not all Nisei are leaving the farms, but like their second and third generation countrymen of other origins, their farm operations will differ materially from those of their parents; they are spending more for housing, are using improved scientific techniques, are having smaller families and depend much less on family labor. These Nisei farmers will continue to be serious competitors in West Coast agriculture, but their competition will not be based, even remotely, on a depressed standard of living.

Communities bearing a physical resemblance to the prewar Little Tokyos are in existence in several West Coast cities, and there is a degree of congregation in many other cities where Japanese Americans live. In these, a specifically Japanese American after-hours social life has been established. At the same time, there is evidence that the element of social control, so strongly a part of the prewar Little Tokyo, has not regained strength in the postwar social situation; that individual differences of aspiration and attitude have more weight in determining social behavior than the fact of common ancestry.

This development represents an acceleration rather than a change in social direction, for long before the war there was plain evidence within the Little

Tokyos of the social disintegration that overtakes most immigrant communities. Tensions had developed between the first and second generations. The Nisei lived in a dual cultural situation, with the American schools providing an overwhelming counter force to the variant culture found in many homes. As the Nisei became older, their associations with Americans of others ancestries broadened and conflicts became deeper. Suspended between two cultures, many Nisei were at ease in neither.

The immediate effect of the evacuation was to draw the generations closer together, for all were treated alike—as Japanese. Later, as the program of relocation began to draw off the most aggressive and best qualified Nisei, the solidarity of families was shaken. As the Issei themselves began to leave the relocation centers, they had to depend upon their children who had gone before. There was no longer the economic and cultural stability around which the family group could revolve.

As might be expected, patriarchal control of family members—possibly the strongest single characteristic of the prewar Little Tokyo society—was greatly weakened. Nevertheless, instances of irresponsibility toward parents have been exceedingly rare, and it is evident that family solidarity based on a feeling of obligation by Nisei to their parents, and on mutual regard, has remained one of the important elements in determining postwar social adjustment.

The Japanese Associations, important instruments of social control in the prewar Japanese communities, have not again been set up. Leadership in meeting special Japanese American problems has been allowed to go to the Nisei. The Issei feel their age; they are fearful of attracting unfavorable attention; and they recognize the increased maturity that five years, the

evacuation, and military service have brought the Nisei. A factor in the vigorous postwar growth of the Japanese American Citizens League has been the Issei recognition of the need for new and younger leadership.

As noted earlier, social and recreational outlets have tended strongly in the direction of segregated activity, with some withdrawal from the high point of participation in larger community affairs reached during the days of active relocation. The reasons for this are too complex to trace in detail in a general article of this kind. They relate first to a frequent lack of social ease which goes back in part to the bi-cultural home background, and in part to the past and present experience of attention—whether discriminatory or otherwise; secondly to the very natural desire for social intercourse with persons of comparable background; and third to a reaction against being pushed in the direction of *integration*. This factor is of an importance seldom realized by non-Japanese friends of the Nisei to whom the very word has become a red flag. Unless carefully defined and offered on an individual basis in the direction of already existing interest, being urged to participate outside one's own group may appear to be an attack on the integrity of the members of the group, an appeal to deny one's background.

A clue to the behavior of the Nisei with relation to participation in all-Nisei, as compared with more general, groups is contained in the remarks of a Nisei pastor of a Midwest church: "When I came to this ministry in 1943, I did not believe it could work. I could not believe that I could share the deepest secrets of my being with a Caucasian. There were things I was sure he could not understand." Three years later, the events of this ministry had changed his mind. In discussing this, he came back frequently to

specific experiences—in the church service, with the sick, in conducting funerals, in performing marriages. He felt certain it was these experiences, rather than a conscious effort at belief, that had resulted in his present confidence of fellowship in his church. Asked to explain the growth within the past year of Nisei attendance at the regular church service, he offered: "I think the Nisei saw that I was being fully accepted in all the church life. This gave them confidence. Then I never have talked about integration. The church is God's House, and that is where we have placed emphasis. All can come to worship without a feeling of special obligation."

In a very different connection, a Nisei college graduate spoke of the group to which she belonged: "At the Pan Hellenic tea, to which delegates from all women's organizations were invited, I happened to sit next to a very charming girl who was soon telling me about a party put on a few nights earlier by her sorority. If I hadn't been able to tell her in return of our Nisei Women's Association Party, of my clothes, my date, and what we said and did, I'd have felt pretty badly. But it turned out that our experiences were very much alike. The girl respected me and I felt her equal. I think our group served a very real purpose."

In the total range of the postwar economic and social adjustment of the evacuated Japanese Americans are many impersonal factors which lead in the direction of wider participation in the total community. Many more than before the war now live in unsegregated districts where they are rapidly acquiring neighborly relations with people of all sorts. Similarly, contact with other than people of Japanese descent at places of work has been greatly increased by dispersal and the breakdown of the prewar Japanese economy.

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A closely connected factor of long-range importance is that many of the Nisei coming into a position of social leadership have had wide experience in the Midwest and East in unsegregated activity. Having themselves broken through the shell of the limited Nisei world, many are looking toward wider contacts for the young people with whom they work, yet have retained the patience to contribute to the immediate social needs of the Nisei whose experiences are narrower. The direction given by leadership will be crucial in determining the eventual social result of all-Nisei activities, but, in wider context, it will be the personal experiences of individuals which will define the Nisei's conception of his place in American life.

The future of persons of Japanese descent in America lies with the Nisei and Sansei generations. That future will be conditioned by two primary factors: the presence or absence of economic discrimination, and the beliefs which Americans of Japanese ancestry come to have about their acceptance in American life. The fact that Japanese aliens have been and remain ineligible to citizenship has set a standard that has affected alien and citizen alike, both in law and in the attitudes of other Americans. The manner in which the people of the United States dispose of this issue will be crucial in determining the place in American life which the Japanese American will come to occupy.

In the long run, beliefs will conform to the reality of the objective situation. The postwar period has provided a variety of experience to a people whose range of aspiration, activity, and attitude has been very great, but who had been drawn together and their common ancestry emphasized by evacuation. The trend of public opinion is running strongly in the direction of equality. In many communities, tolerance, which is essentially negative, is being replaced by positive acceptance. However, the evidence shows that those interested in the solution of the problems of Japanese Americans may expect small results if they limit their activity to an attempt to prevent congregation and in-group social participation. It will be the ability to secure employment and adequate housing in equal competition with other Americans, and the continuing experience of day-to-day contacts, that will slowly define the Japanese American's conception of his place in American life.

The superstructure of renewed Japanese community life has been erected, but its foundations are insecure. If special Japanese American problems persist, the roots of these communities may be expected to deepen, and the people to withdraw further from participation in the wider community. If special problems are solved in a manner that will permit adequate satisfaction of the human needs of the members of this group, the fact of broader contact may be expected to lead to wider participation in all phases of American life.

HELP WANTED

ROSS DE LUE AND
GEORGE KENTERA

I STILL felt unclean as I sat at the small table in the crowded restaurant sipping my coffee. The one thing I wanted above everything else was to go home and stand under the shower. I wanted the smell of soap, feel clean hot water spraying against my body. It was surprising, I thought, how one can feel physically dirty because of an obscene and revolting experience.

An hour ago, I had met an old friend. My present bitterness stemmed from that meeting. As I gazed into space, the waiter appeared and placed the chocolate cake I had ordered in front of me.

I bit into it. It was as light as it looked, the icing was perfect, and every time I took a bite I thought of Thomas B. Cahill.

That sounds silly, I know. But the fact is that before I met Cahill I didn't care much for cake—any kind of cake.

I acquired the taste back in the spring of 1945, shortly before V-E Day. The war was grinding to a close. But to me and thousands like me, it wasn't winding up fast enough.

You see, I was a Kriegie. We were men in uniform but out of battle—Prisoners-of-War.

I wound up in Stalag 3-A, a prison camp south of Potsdam, where my greatest joy, except one, was to count the Allied bombers as they passed over on the skyroad to Berlin.

Joy number one was to talk and dream of American food. Everyone is familiar now with the POW menu à la Nazi. It

consisted of a single feeding per day: sour black bread, watery soup, and a scant handful of wormy potatoes—the kind of potatoes the Germans fed their livestock.

As a result, we were hungry. Not like the man who's late for dinner. Rather, like the ragged child rooting in garbage pails.

We were a sorry lot: lousy, gaunt, and dirty, with sunken cheeks and skin that stretched tautly over our protruding ribs. The stench from our none-too-clean bandages was overpowering to those who did not live with it. We were used to it.

I was badly wounded in the left arm and leg, and ended up in the prison hospital ward. For six months, most of the time flat on my back, I lived in that drab, cold, drafty, forty-foot square room which contained only one inadequate stove, a table, fifteen narrow double-bunks of slats and straw, and thirty sick and wounded soldiers.

Always the talk was of food. It is usually believed that when men get together with nothing but time and pain on their hands, the conversation turns to women. But in that six months, sex took a back seat to breakfasts, dinners, and suppers recalled from the past to be savored and relished again and again.

Favorite recipes, dishes, places to eat—these things occupied our waking hours and our dreams. And long-term prisoners, those who had been captured a year or more, boasted of what they would do with Red Cross food parcels.

Most of us had never seen one. It

wasn't the fault of the American Red Cross. The packages were reaching Germany—they just weren't being turned over to us.

But getting back to Thomas B. Cahill. I'd been at 3-A for four months when I first met him. Early one morning, the boy from Tennessee looked out the window and said, "They're bringing in a new guy." Then, excitedly, he added, "He's a nigger!"

"Yeah? Hey, a Jig, fellows!"

"Think they'll put him in here with us?" asked Tennessee.

The new guy turned out to be T. B. Cahill, 2nd Lt., Air Corps—and Negro. They put him in the bunk next to mine, and when the stretcher-bearers had gone, a few of the boys crowded around to ask questions.

You've got to remember that a new arrival was a big thing in our never-changing routine. He meant news from the outside.

How was the war going? What were the top songs back home? Where were the Russians? How far? When did the fighting figure to be over?

Tom answered all our questions as well as he could and gave a clear picture of the front lines. I noticed that half the guys who could walk hadn't even come over. Tom noticed it, too. One of them was Tennessee.

When he'd finished answering their questions, the guys went back to their own little groups. For two or three days after that, Tom's only conversation was with me and the prison doctors. It wasn't that I was what they call a "liberal," or that I was trying to make democracy work. I felt sorry for the guy.

In those first few days, I learned he was a fighter pilot and had been flying Mustangs out of Italy. Anti-aircraft fire had knocked him down three weeks before, and when he bailed out his right leg had

hit the plane's tail. His foot had been amputated by a German surgeon, he told me calmly, and for nineteen days he'd been traveling in boxcars with little or no medical treatment.

It didn't take me long to realize he was a good Joe. After all, he was the first Negro I had ever known—socially, I mean. And I remember being a little startled at first to discover that I liked him.

He was cheerful, quiet, and never complained.

As time passed, I began to notice a change in the others, too. Their aloofness began to disappear.

What finally did it, I think, was his voice. It was a beautiful, full baritone, and the way that man could use it was a wonder. One afternoon when Tennessee joined in the singing, I knew Tom had licked his worst enemy.

From then on, when the talk of food happened to center around my bunk, the most voluble man there was Thomas B. Cahill. Others could have their steaks, their shrimp cocktails—and, of all things, pancakes. Tom bore arms for chocolate cake. He was so hep on that particular subject that once, when we were comparatively alone, I asked him why.

"It all goes back to when I was a kid. I guess I was about eight years old," he said quietly.

"My family lived in a small southern town, and everyone was poor, especially my folks. Dad was a preacher, and mother had been a school teacher in a little country school before her marriage. One day I heard two white children talking about a birthday party. The main thing seemed to be the ice cream and chocolate cake. I went home and asked Mom why we never had cake. Mom said, 'Only white folks can afford things like ice cream and cake, Tom.'"

He paused a minute, and then went on,

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"When I was fourteen, Mom died and I went to Ohio to live with my uncle. Sometimes we had chocolate cake there."

He never complained of pain, though I knew it was torture when his bandage was changed. Two French doctors took care of our ward. Even now I remember their shocked amazement when they examined his leg on that first day, and how they cursed the Nazi amputator with terrible intensity.

Twice, before April, stretcher-bearers interrupted Tom's chocolate cake pep-talks, and he was carried into the operating room. It was obvious that he was fighting a losing battle. Neglect and improper technique in the original operation were to blame. As the weeks passed, he became weaker. His voice faded to a whisper, his body shrank, but his spirits remained high. And he still talked of chocolate cake.

It was after Tom had had a particularly bad night that we first heard the rumor. Red Cross boxes were coming! Rumor in a POW camp is a strangely accurate thing. Reports that came in whispers soon blossomed into fact, and late one morning a German corporal entered our crowded room.

He was carrying three Red Cross parcels. In his clipped English he announced that a small shipment of food parcels had arrived and was being distributed on the basis of one for every ten men. Pointing out that there were thirty men present, he put the three boxes on the table and marched out.

Everybody looked at each other for a minute. Then, "Cigarettes!" some one yelled. One of the boys began going through the boxes, calling off the contents: Spam, margarine, chocolate D bars, powdered milk, jelly, ration biscuits, sugar cubes, raisins. Those American labels looked good.

The food was out on the table now, but

everyone hung back carefully. In the pause, Mark Reeves, who'd been a baker in civilian life, spoke up. Looking at Tom, but speaking to all of us, he said, "You know, I think I could make a helluva chocolate cake out of some of this stuff."

Tom grinned weakly and his dark eyes glowed. Then the smile faded and he whispered, "I thought for a minute you meant it." The smile returned, and he said, "When I hit the States again, I'm going to have cake every meal."

"You don't have to wait that long," Mark insisted. "I can make you one using stuff out of these boxes."

"You're not kidding?" asked Tom slowly.

"Nope."

Tom was silent. I think that was the first time he felt the guys were his friends.

So began one of the strangest community projects I've ever seen. Every man in that crowded room that could work threw himself into that cake-baking. Come hell or the German army, Thomas B. Cahill was going to get his cake.

Mark was the center of activity. With a field can opener he opened the margarine and powdered milk. Handing the nearest man the two can tops, he ordered, "Get a nail and start punching holes in these. They'll make good graters. Somebody take these sugar cubes and grind them up."

He put Tennessee to work making flat cake tins out of drinking cans. We had hardly started when the doctors came in for their morning inspection. They examined Tom, conferred for a few minutes, and sent for the stretcher.

"Hurry back," Mark called. "This cake'll be done in no time." Tom waved weakly as he was carried out the door.

We got back to work. While Mark mixed a batter out of powdered milk, water, and half a can of margarine, he ordered us to grate up the C Ration biscuits

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and a chocolate bar. I handed him the sugar I'd been hitting with a rock.

Mark suddenly snapped his fingers. "Holy smoke. What are we going to use for baking powder?"

We were silent. Baking powder was as distant as freedom. Then I had an idea. "Jim," I said, "you look sick."

"Huh?" said Jim.

"In fact," I continued, "you're bloated—you got gas on your stomach. Go to bed."

Everyone grinned. Jim put his hands across his stomach, gave an experimental groan, and climbed into bed.

Someone ran down the hall and got the ward boy. He was a young French soldier-medic. Mark took him by the arm and led him over to Jim's bunk. Jim was a picture of misery. His head rolled weakly back and forth; his hands fluttered across his stomach.

"Gas," said Mark, pointing. The boy looked puzzled. Every few seconds Jim gasped, "Bicarbonate! Bicarbonate!" and rolled his head.

The medic saw the light. "Oooohh. Bee-car-bone-ate. Ahhh, oui! Oui!"

Mark held up three fingers. "Three tablets. I mean, *tableten*. Hell! *Beaucoup* de pills, see?"

"*Oui. Beaucoup. Un moment.*" He hurried out, and came back with the soda pills. Jim groaned, raised himself, and took one. The medic looked anxiously for signs of improvement, and Jim didn't fail him.

The young Frenchman left. Mark grabbed the pills, ground them up, and threw them into the batter.

Eleven-thirty came, and with it our few ounces of black bread. In another hour, two men would bring in two pails of soup and a box of potatoes for the thirty men.

But we were too busy to eat. Very few of us ate the food when it came, except

for the hot soup. We always saved the bread and potatoes to eat later. Made two meals out of one that way.

Just as we finished grating the biscuits and chocolate bar, Tom was carried back in. His breath was shallow and coming in gasps. His eyes followed Mark, who was stirring the ground chocolate and biscuits into the batter. He watched intently as the baker dropped salt into the bowl, mixed some more, and then called for the cake tins.

Mark, who had carefully saved the oiled paper wrappings from the C rations, cut them to fit the pans, and greased them with the margarine. Then he poured in the batter and headed for the cookhouse where our potatoes were boiled every day.

We waited for Mark to return. Tom looked very tired. Only his eyes were alive.

It was more than an hour later when Mark came back with the two layers. The heavy sweet smell of chocolate filled the room. Saliva rushed into my mouth and my throat ached. Tom sniffed and closed his eyes. He was still breathing, but that was about all. Quickly Mark put the icing on the cake, and dropped some raisins on top. He hurried to Tom's bed with the finished product.

Tom opened his eyes slowly, and looked at the circle of friends around him. "Thanks, fellows. Thanks," he breathed. "I'm so tired I can't eat now. Save me a piece." And he closed his eyes again. Someone limped down the hall for the doctor.

He came, and Cahill was carried out of the bleak ward. Maybe it would be nice to say we never ate that cake. But that's not the way it was. We ate it, of course, because we were starving. Mark had done a wonderful job.

One morning, a week later, word came that the Germans were leaving. We rushed outside and found the rumor was

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true. Gaunt, tattered, and dirty, we stood in a semi-circle laughing and joking as we watched headquarters personnel loading papers and other property on vans and wagons. Looking back on it now, I can't understand why our only feeling was one of amusement. As the last of the German party disappeared around a bend in the road, we walked quietly back into the buildings.

A board of ranking officer-prisoners took over administration of the camp, and it was mid-morning of the next day when the vanguard of a Russian tank company crashed through the barbed wire and rolled into the compound. We marked time for another week before we began the first leg of our trip back home. Just before the American ambulances arrived to pick us up, we heard that Tom was still miraculously alive but would probably not be able to survive the trip back to the American lines.

I heard nothing more of him until shortly after V-J Day, when I ran into Mark at a convalescent hospital in Miami. He told me he was being discharged the next day and invited me to a party celebrating the event to be held that night in a Miami night club.

It was while we were sitting together at the table that the subject of Tom Cahill came up again. I asked Mark what his plans were, and he replied, "I'm going to pilot a desk from now on. My future wife's uncle is giving me a job at his plant in Cincinnati."

Laughingly I asked, "What about the baking business?"

"That's out," he answered.

"I'll never forget that cake you made," I said. Then, as my mind raced back to the grim days spent in the hospital prison, I asked, "Did you ever hear what happened to Tom Cahill?"

Mark grinned and replied, "Sure. I saw him a couple of weeks ago. He was

on his way to England General Hospital in Atlantic City. Said they were going to give him a new foot and teach him how to use it. He looked fine."

I didn't see or hear of Tom Cahill again until today. My secretary, Miss Britton, came into my office, and with a resigned look, said, "I beg your pardon, sir, but there's a colored man outside who insists on seeing you. He said he knew you. I told him you were very busy, and besides that you never talked to applicants personally, but he's very insistent."

Annoyed at the interruption, I snapped, "Miss Britton, how many times have I told you that I see people only by appointment?"

"I told him that, sir," she replied, "but he said if I told you Tom Cahill was outside, you'd—" She stopped at my startled look, and an expression of amazement crossed her face when I said, "Did you say he was a Negro?"

"Yes," she answered blankly.

"Send him in, send him in," I said. "Of course I'll see him." Miss Britton glanced at me queerly as she went to the door.

A moment later the door opened again, and Tom walked into my office. He was grinning broadly, and I came out from behind my desk to grab his outstretched hand.

We shook hands warmly, and I motioned him to a chair. For a long moment, neither of us spoke. His unexpected appearance brought back a flood of memories. I glanced at him and saw with a sense of shock that his shoes, though shined, were cracked, his pressed suit threadbare. A discharge button gleamed dully in his lapel.

He glanced at his hands and broke the silence. "It's been a long time." He hesitated. Then, as if unsure of my reaction, he blurted, "I know you're busy, but I just had to see you. I—"

"Don't be silly," I interrupted. "I'm glad you came in. I'm never too busy to see an old friend."

Tom, who had been looking worried, smiled again. "That's good to hear," he said. "I wasn't sure how you'd feel about it." I started to interrupt once again, but he continued with a rush, "I've got to have a job." He pointed to his leg and added, "I'm getting disability, but with prices what they are today, it's not nearly enough. I heard you people were looking for auditors, and when they told me outside the jobs were filled I asked to see you." He breathed deeply and sat back in his chair.

I felt my stomach tighten, and a wave of pity and anger swept over me. The company had an inflexible policy, and I was sure Tom knew that I knew he suspected what it was. He sat there, waiting for me to speak. I felt like a drowning man. I thought of the day Tom arrived at the prison camp, of the days and weeks of talk, of the chocolate cake baked especially for him, of the last time I had seen him being carried out of the ward on a stretcher.

Only a few seconds passed—a few seconds that must have seemed like an eternity to Tom—before I spoke again. My mouth was dry and my voice sounded unnatural. "I'd like to help you, Tom," I said. "I wish there were some way—" I stopped.

He sat there looking at me quietly, and said nothing. I struggled to find the right words. At length I stammered, "The vacancies we had for auditors have been

filled, Tom." I rushed on, trying to sound natural. "However, I'm sure we can find something if you're up against it."

"Something like a porter or janitor?" he said in a voice so low I barely heard him. I could feel myself flushing, and I looked away. He got to his feet. "That's all right," he said. "I understand. It was swell seeing you again."

I started to say, "If I hear of anything —"

He walked to the door of my office, opened it, and said as he left, "That'll be fine," and walked out. I would never have believed I was capable of feeling the shame that swept over me. I sat at my desk staring into space.

A long time later, Miss Britton opened the door and said with a smile, "About those vacancies for auditor—"

"Get out," I yelled.

George Kentera was born and raised in Tennessee. Immediately after graduation from the University of Missouri in 1943 he enlisted as an aviation cadet. While flying a P-47 over Germany in November of 1944, he was shot down, spent six months in German prison camps, got out of the Army in November 1946, and has been doing public relations work ever since.

Ross De Lue was born and raised in Chicago, attended the University of Alabama, worked for eleven years on the Chicago American, was an AAF PRO from 1942 to 1946, and like Mr. Kentera has been in public relations work since his discharge.

WE ARE MANY PEOPLE

CAROL LEVENE

I FLIPPED on my radio today, and imagine my surprise when it had something to say! I mean along with being entertaining!”

This was the way one letter from a listener opened, a happy and incredulous listener writing to Radio Station KGO (American Broadcasting Company) in San Francisco a year ago. The listener was one of the many hundreds who, without the duress of box tops or Junior G-Man badges, took pen in hand to comment on the series of public service sustaining dramas entitled “We Are Many People,” which KGO was then broadcasting. The series was conceived and produced by the Council for Civic Unity of San Francisco, the air time donated by the American Broadcasting Company.

Each quarter-hour drama was a complete story and, with the exception of several fantasies, each was based on factual material gathered by the civic unity group. During the thirteen weeks of dramas that “had something to say” at least two unprecedented things happened: not one “crank” letter, disapproving note, or angry telephone call was received either by the station or the sponsoring group; and national interest was aroused in a purely local broadcast, resulting in transcribed remakes of the programs for countrywide distribution.

First, why no “bad mail”? This puzzled the broadcaster and the sponsoring group. The stories pulled no punches: in the program based on restrictive covenants, for instance, Filipinos move next door to

Caucasians, an Improvement League springs up to invoke a discriminatory covenant, and the action of the next-door whites blocks this effort. In a story of an unsegregated housing project, the attempts to mask anti-union activity behind the Klan guise are revealed; in another, red-baiting is attacked; in still another, jingoistic dismissal of foreign-born is sharply ridiculed.

Obviously then the stories were not innocuous. The fact that the series didn’t draw fire could not be laid to any shilly-shallying or appeasing attitudes. Then why was the program universally appealing? Because it was based on an old universal appeal—story telling. The thunderous technique of the March of Time, the poesy of Corwin, the clichés and direct exhortations of the wartime documentary—none of these was employed. Instead, radio was used in its most widely accepted and popular form—the drama of everyday people. The answer to “why no bad mail?” would seem also to serve as the answer to “why national interest?”

The complete bypassing of direct preachment was not an easy accomplishment. Aside from the additional expenditure involved in buying dramatic scripts and in paying talent to perform stories, the civic unity agency had to be convinced that this technique would be more effective than the documentary approach. Many agencies in the field of intergroup relations (or in public health, child care, and the like) have been won over to the use of the satirical cartoon, the comic

book, the human-interest press release. These practices can be called using a medium of communication on its own terms. But give most of these citizen groups an opportunity to stand before a microphone and they are overwhelmed by the idea of the hundreds of thousands of waiting ears—they must *tell*! And so the executive or the board member *tells*, in a carefully prepared 15-minute speech, just what his agency is doing in the community. Or three or four experts and community leaders tell each other, in round-table fashion, what is being done. The documentary, embellished with music, sound-effects, and a professional voice or voices, is a refinement—but it's still *telling*. Telling you what you ought to do or think.

The San Francisco Council for Civic Unity went wading, liked it, and took the plunge. They waded in with three stories, produced on three different local radio stations. One celebrated Bill of Rights Day, one Brotherhood Week, and the third Negro History Week. The effectiveness of the technique was attested by audience response, and local radio management was convinced that the agency could maintain a professional level which warranted the donation of good listening time for a thirteen-week cycle.

Talent was no problem. Although San Francisco has not been a major radio origination point for over ten years, there are nearly 400 American Federation of Radio Artists members in the Bay Region. In addition, the Council for Civic Unity was fortunate in securing a star of the first magnitude to play the leading roles. Lois Moran, former stage and screen star, is a San Franciscan whose deep interest in the work of the civic unity group translated itself into performances marked both by brilliance and sincerity.

The next real problem, after agency expenditure and free air time had been

hurdled, was scripts. It was decided to place the program's requirements on the free-lance market, observing both the Radio Writers' Guild minimum fee for public-service scripts and the Guild policy of purchasing first air rights only. A further inducement to amateur and professional writers to enter the field of "writing with something to say" was the establishing of the Harold Boyd Memorial Awards for the best three of the thirteen aired scripts. Harold Boyd, City Comptroller, had been a founder and first president of the ccu. His life-time interest in the theatre motivated a Memorial Fund to be expended as awards for "dramatic expression, in any medium of communication, which most effectively teaches democratic attitudes."

Script specifications asked that, first, the story be sound drama: the characters convincingly drawn, the plot well motivated, and the resolution credible. Writers were offered sample scripts, consultation, and use of ccu files for source material. Scripts received were screened by the Editorial Supervisor and the ccu staff and then sent to the Radio Committee, which consisted of a Board Member whose field was public relations, the drama critic of a local newspaper, and a local radio commentator.

Even with the widest possible coverage of the market, resulting in script submissions by successful Hollywood and San Francisco writers, only one seventh met the minimum quality and content standards that sent them on to this Committee. Although some of the first screening rejections were based on style or writing defects, the majority were rejected because of completely unsuitable "propaganda line." In some cases, the propaganda was on too superficial a level; in others, the reasoning put forth for certain intergroup conflicts was downright dangerous.

At least ten scripts were received in

WE ARE MANY PEOPLE

which everyone-lived-happily-ever-after, following a blood transfusion, humbly and generously given by the hated minority group member to save the life of the arrogant Anglo-Saxon hater.

In defense of the writers, it must be pointed out that writing a radio story for this particular series involved writing for a difficult and almost completely unfamiliar formula. It was necessary, in thirteen minutes running time, to establish a setting and a problem, people the situation with credible characters, move them along to a climax, and then tie the whole story up in a resolution that "makes a suggestion" to the listener concerning his attitudes. Roughly, this was the formula successfully used on the CBS sustainer, "Assignment Home" and on the ABC sustaining series, "Reunion: USA," but both of these were half-hour programs. By that same cryptic law that applies to speeches, it seems to be twice as hard to write half as much.

Writers were asked to submit scripts involving any racial, religious, or nationality group they chose, and any type of community problem. The Negro was dealt with most often, the Jewish group next, and then subject matter was more or less evenly divided among Japanese, Chinese, Filipino, and Mexican Americans, and so on. Problems covered included race restrictive covenants, employment opportunities, restricted clientele in summer resorts, children who play together normally and are then influenced by parental prejudices, and restriction of educational opportunities.

From all the submitted material, the thirteen scripts selected represented an over-all balance of content and treatment—not repeating on fields covered or problems exposed, and spacing heavy drama with fantasy or situation comedy. One of the most successful scripts, judging from audience response, was "The Pixie and

Mr. Bixby," in which a pixie swears up and down he's seen a "man"; his worried friends send him to a "pixchiatrist" who, after hearing the pixie's tales of this "man" with his frailties and inconsistencies, convinces the pixie he has suffered an hallucination: no such irrational creature could exist. Jingoism was successfully reduced to absurdity in "And Then There Was One," the story of John Smith, who describes himself as a "sane, substantial, good, old-fashioned American" and who is always saying, "If ya don't like it here, whyncha go back where ya came from, huh?" John develops the magic power to compel a literal response to this question and finally succeeds in depopulating the entire North American continent—except for himself, his wife, and one Indian. Outside the field of fantasy, such real problems as these were posed: a social worker learns through a dramatic experience that she has been treating racial minorities as "masses," as whole nations or groups, not as individual persons; a Negro actress discovers that she can't go on being an "exception" because she's famous and successful while other Negroes suffer second-class citizenship; a group of school children evolve a "bill of responsibilities" to fortify the Bill of Rights; a school teacher learns, through a painful experience with the class bully, that she can't recite the Pledge of Allegiance in the morning and "bend with the wind" in the afternoon; and a successful novelist, dramatically confronted with the physical manifestations of her own literary stereotypes, decides to write about real people.

The Council for Civic Unity, convinced of the effectiveness of the storytelling technique because of listener response and new members, decided at the conclusion of the thirteen weeks to reinforce this conviction with statistics. Recordings of the aired dramas were played

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at a dinner meeting attended by 150 CCU members and guests, including press and radio representatives. These listeners were asked to fill out a questionnaire and to vote the three Boyd prizes. The questionnaire, described as a "criteria aid" to the balloting, asked these six questions:

1. Was this good entertainment?
2. Did this program teach?
3. Were the characters convincing?
4. Was a clear and forceful point made?
5. Was there any undue preachment?
6. Would a prejudiced person be favorably influenced?

The statistics bore out the previous general listener response: overwhelmingly the first four questions got "yes" and the fifth "no." Many responses to the sixth question were qualified by additional comments which can be summed up as stating that no one program, standing by itself, will do more than make a prejudiced person stop and think a bit; such a program can help shape attitudes, but experiences will likely be the final modifying element.

Whether the prejudice of an individual

is a momentary thing, a fleeting dyspepsia, or a deep-rooted, fierce hatred, prejudice is a matter of the emotions. Telling a suspenseful story about credible people also appeals to the emotions. The "message" sticks because it is encased in situations with which the average listener can identify himself. And, of prime importance, the "We Are Many People" series, based on the theory of "delighting while instructing," because it was cast in the form of popular entertainment appealed to thousands of average radio listeners who would tune out somebody telling them before the first forty seconds had elapsed.

As Public Relations Counsel for the San Francisco Council for Civic Unity in the Spring of 1946, Carol Levene originated, edited, and produced the "We Are Many People" radio series. Aired on a number of stations throughout the country since then, the series is available in recorded form for stations and discussion groups through PAX Productions (177 Post Street, San Francisco 8), with which Miss Levene is affiliated.

UNITED NATIONS, JR.

ARNOLD L. SCHEUER, JR.

FROM the roofs of their new First Avenue home the United Nations delegates will be able to look out across the East River and see the sprawling outlines of the Queensbridge Houses, the second-largest, low-rental housing project built by the New York City Housing Authority.

It will not be too imposing a view as views go; hardly in a class, certainly, with

the grandeur of the Swiss Alps or the majestic ruins of the medieval castles which cling to the terraced banks of the Rhine, but it should be a "must" for every delegate, especially those who feel that the United Nations can never work. The United Nations not only can work but it has been working on a somewhat lesser scale at Queensbridge since 1940,

for here, in this concrete-and-glass, depression-born community, more than twelve thousand people representing virtually all of the fifty-three United Nations have been living together successfully and in peace for a number of years.

New York City Housing Authority regulations require that one adult member of each family be an American citizen, but beyond that there are no restrictions as to race, nationality, color, or creed. Thumb through the master list of tenants' names on file in the Management Office: it reads like a roll call of all the countries in the world. Scan the name plates in any one of the modern, airy, six-story buildings—10-41 Vernon Boulevard for example:

On the sixth floor the Capeks, a Bohemian American family, have the Hunters, who are colored, for their neighbors. Across the hall are the O'Tooles, the Cohens, and the Halibays, a Turkish American family. On the floor below, the Campbells, Americans for five generations back, are flanked by the Solidoffs of more recent Russian stock, and the Sicilian American Manisettis. Opposite live families from England and Greece, and the Nalevaykos from the Ukraine.

This pattern is typical of virtually all the 26 building units at Queensbridge, which give modern, low-rent housing to over 3,600 families. Here, however, unlike United Nations circles, chauvinism is frowned on. There is a foreign-language club, to be sure, made up for the most part of older people who have never learned to speak English, yet even this lone organization is frowned upon by most of the tenants.

Mrs. Havlicek, of Czech descent, says, "Here we don't like people to act like they are different and to feel that they are special because they come from this country or that. The more people act the same, the better for everybody."

This attitude is typical of the Project

and is reflected in the number of intermarriages between persons of various national backgrounds. It is not unusual to find, among a group of mothers sunning the children in front of the nursery, a Greek woman whose husband is Russian, an Irish girl married to a Pole, an Italian and German couple, and a lady from Salonika who is married to a Turkish gentleman. A Russian Jewish woman's husband is a blond, blue-eyed Aryan of noble Wagnerian proportions, whose opinions of the "super race" are definitely unprintable.

Despite the hodgepodge of nationalities represented, including those whose original homelands were former enemy countries, there was no real trouble during the recent war. The children of one German family, which had an obviously Teutonic name, did experience some unpleasantness at school, but at the Project itself the general spirit was one of acceptance. Here people size each other up for what they are, not for where they or their families came from. While Russia was invading prostrate Poland, during the early days of the war, Mr. Kruczek, a Polish American tenant, was offering his blood for an emergency transfusion to his next-door neighbor, a Russian American. At the time when Mussolini was recruiting his legion to fight on the Russian front, Italian and Russian American wives at the Project were minding each other's babies and trading recipes of traditional native dishes.

During rationing, when meat was at a premium, Italian housewives showed their Polish neighbors how to make nourishing pizzas, while Russian wives conducted classes in the fashioning of *kapusta* whose main ingredient is cabbage. Mrs. Capek, for her part, passed around her recipe for duck and dumplings, Bohemian style.

The Project, however, is far from a Utopia. Like any other community of its

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size it has its quota of malcontents, troublemakers, and misanthropes. The usual petty annoyances of everyday urban living are present here, too, but differences are settled without violence, and the great majority of the tenants get along surprisingly well considering the wide divergence of political and religious beliefs they represent. Troublemakers and fanatical isms aren't tolerated. A few applauded Mussolini in the days of his grandeur, and some thought that Hitler had the right idea. Some saw and still see the Soviet as the savior of civilization, and many are outspoken anti-reds. There are arguments and misunderstandings but never has there been an outbreak of genuine trouble of racial or ideological origin. Now and then tempers are short and someone makes a derogatory remark about the "wops" or "kikes" or "niggers." When this happens, like as not, a denunciatory editorial about the incident will appear in the Queensbridge Home News, the Project paper, or a resolution condemning the action will be passed at meetings of the various tenant organizations.

Extremists of whatever ilk receive little popular support. The emphasis is on cooperation and mutual assistance in the problems of day-to-day living. Mrs. Murphy watches the Kolinskis' kids while their parents take in a movie, and the following week the Kolinskis return the favor. A sick child, the loss of a breadwinner's job, the high cost of food—these are the human things which break down barriers of nationality and religious differences.

Mrs. Marsiglio, who has lived in the Project since it was built, discovered that a long time ago. Born in Naples, she formerly lived in an exclusively Italian neighborhood and dreaded moving into the Project away from her own group.

"But I find I wrong," she now confides with a grin. "I learn it no matter what

kind people live next door just so long they good people. Know what I mean?" And the vast majority of the people who live next door are good people who know from experience how bitter and cruel the struggle for existence can be. As Mrs. Marsiglio puts it, "Everybody here in same boat. People gotta be nice to other peoples. Otherwise comes trouble you got nobody to help you."

Like its neighbor-to-be, the United Nations, Queensbridge too has its own Security Council—the Queensbridge Tenants League. Once a month the QTL holds its meetings, which are well attended. Strict parliamentary procedure is adhered to and despite the inability of some to express themselves fluently in English, the League gets things done. A typical recent agenda considered these items: should the shuttle bus from the subway be restored; a report from the committee which studies rent and housing legislation; the establishment of a vaccination center on Project grounds; an announcement of free talks and motion pictures on child care to be given at the Community Center.

Other tenant organizations in which common problems are discussed and common gripes are aired are the Parents Club and the Nursery Parent-Teachers Association. Local chapters of the AVC and the two are also active in tenant affairs.

Newcomers to the Project frequently hesitate to join tenants groups because of the tendency of the underprivileged to "leave well enough alone." It is only when something happens which directly affects their common welfare that they see the necessity for working together.

Mrs. Lawrence, current president of the QTL, tells how for a long time they tried to enlist full tenant support for the building of a public school on Project grounds. They met with general apathy until one day a little boy was killed by a truck on his way home from school.

"Then," Mrs. Lawrence says, "everybody immediately banded together and fought tirelessly for a school. They pushed the plan through and the school will be built next year. It took a tragedy to make people realize that what happens to their neighbor can happen to them."

Some tenants with large families are of course too engrossed with the problems contained within their own walls to "have much time to read the papers," but the majority of Queensbridge's adults are interested in the United Nations, the atom bomb, and the possibility of another war.

Mrs. Papatkakis, a dark-eyed mother of two small children, whose husband is of Greek descent and fought at Guadalcanal, voiced the hopes of many of the other mothers who were waiting for the three-thirty bus to bring their older children home from school: "There doesn't have to be another war if enough people realize that they've got to forget their differences and learn to live together in peace like we do here."

"That's right," chimed in Mrs. Kaye who was born in Poland, then became a British citizen, and is now married to an American. "If people acted like we do here everything would be O.K. At the Project we have all got the same interests—to have a home, a little money, and to raise a family. Nobody is better than anybody else here. It's live and let live."

Other tenants, listening, nodded in agreement. A middle-aged man, who had said nothing, knocked out his pipe on the bench.

"Trouble is most people talk first, then they think. That's no good. All over the world people shooting off their mouths getting other people into trouble. God gave us a mind to think with, didn't He? Well, we gotta learn to use it."

The sun was beginning to dip behind the suspended bulk of the 59th Street bridge. Children were corralled and the women began to drift back to their apartments. In a little while the men would be coming home from work, hungry, and there was supper to get ready. Across the river, in Manhattan, an occasional light could be seen in the windows of the midtown skyscrapers.

At the Management Office, the hub of the Project, Mr. McCrumb, the manager, sat in front of his work-littered desk.

"The United Nations?" He scratched his chin reflectively. "I never thought of it like that exactly, but I guess they could learn something from the folks who live here."

He glanced out of the window at the Community Center and the wide, clean "Main Street" of the Project, where a group of children was storming a Good-Humor wagon.

"We've got all kinds here and they get along all right. Why? Because they've learned it's the only way to live. Seems to me most people, no matter where they come from or what the cut of their jib, want pretty much the same things fundamentally—a chance to live like decent human beings and get a little happiness and security out of life. If they keep that in mind over there," he motioned in the general direction of the new United Nations site, "they'll work things out all right. If they don't," he shrugged, "well, I guess it won't matter much how attractive the buildings are or how solidly they're built."

Arnold L. Scheuer, Jr., is a free-lance writer formerly specializing in radio.

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EDITH WITT

Sgt. Mack poised his pen above the clear white sheet of paper in the circle of lamplight on the desk and listened to the shouting and scuffling of the boys out in the playfield. A smile eased across his face, lit up his eyes even in the shadow of the room. As he shifted his legs he stretched a bit, making room for the good sweet feeling of hope and purpose that beat warmly through him. But how to put it down on paper?

He hunched his shoulders and gripped the pen, but his head remained cocked to the young German voices and the universal sounds of children playing. There was almost an hour before the recreation center would open and yet, as usual, the children were already there. He bent suddenly to the paper and wrote, *We feel that we are getting somewhere.* His lips moving with the words, he added swiftly, *Our aim is to teach the spirit of fair play as we learned it in America, in games and sports.* He stretched his neck toward the back wall, from beyond which came the sounds, trying to catch some clue to what they were doing in the jumble of calling, racing, laughing. They liked to play what they thought of as American games.

He stared down at the paper, seeing it fill up with words, leap into life, tremble with the promise of the future. The Colonel wanted the report in the morning. It was the first time the Colonel had shown any interest in the project, although Mack supposed the Captain had spoken to him about it before he told him it was all right to go ahead with the idea. *First we cleared*

the square of rubble, he wrote, so that we would have a place to play ball.

The room in which he sat, the recreation room, had been a beer parlor. The building above it was only a jigsaw fragment of what had once been walls and flooring, stairway and window frames. All the other nearby buildings had almost entirely fallen into the square. But the engineers said the beer parlor would not cave in, for some time at any rate. *The boys were enthusiastic about doing the work themselves.*

He had walked down to the square one afternoon and had stood in the middle of it looking it over until the usual gang of kids had gathered. Then, kicking his foot into a pile of rubble, he had said, in German, "If we clear this away, we'd have room to play ball."

"Who would give the ball?" they asked.

"The Army. It would come from America."

And they had started clearing. They had little to work with—a few shovels, some buckets and baskets, and, after a while, a wheelbarrow. But they had much enthusiasm and wild delight in showing who could carry the heaviest load, who could work the fastest. Just like a bunch of kids back home. He'd worked right with them, enjoying it as much as they did.

The second day the boys began to become differentiated as individuals. He saw Otto, large and rather plump, lounging awkwardly on a heap of rubble, directing operations of a group of smaller boys.

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When he wandered over to him, Otto turned up his pasty face with a fawning smile.

"Have you, perhaps, a cigarette?" he said.

"Tired?" asked Sgt. Mack.

Otto laughed shrilly, waving his arm toward the little boys. His eyes steadied with an arrogant hardness.

"They work for me," he said. "I am the leader." Then, catching the tightening of Mack's face, he added, "Like you."

Mack stooped down, gathered a load of rubble in his arms and walked off to the dumping place. When he got back, Otto had disappeared.

Looking about, he caught sight then of the solemn old-man face of little Ernst. It was hard for Mack to realize that the emaciated gnome-like creature in the too big clothes was actually a



child. Loaded to his chin with broken bits of brick, as if he carried all of Europe in his skinny arms, he still managed, with a basic human dignity, to clutch grimly with the very tips of his fingers to the sagging belt of his ragged knickers. Mack watched him, stumbling, making his way over the debris, saw him suddenly tripped up by Hugo. As Ernst sprawled into the scattering of brick, Hugo and the boys around him threw

back their heads in laughter. Other boys looked up, looked away, pretended that they had not seen. It was then that he met Rudolph. For Rudolph had raced across to Hugo.

"What's the matter with you?" he shouted. "Don't you want to play ball here?"

Rudolph helped Ernst to his feet, brushed him off, piled the bricks back in his arms. Ernst went off to the dump without a word. And Rudolph turned to Mack and said, "Why don't we make a line? And hand from one to the other to the road? Faster, no, than if we work each one alone?"

They learned how to work together, and have fun. He stared down at the paper, rolling the pen between his fingers. The noise outside had risen in volume and excitement, although he still could not distinguish any separate words or voices. He was wondering if he had to write anything about the explosion. He laid the pen down, rubbed his hand across his face. After all, that had been reported on the day it happened. It was on file now wherever it was needed.

That was the third day. They had been strung out in Rudolph's conveyor-belt line, Hugo and his friends along with the rest, and Ernst keeping the pace with grim solemnity. They were working fast, against the cold, hopping up and down in a kind of dance and beating their hands against their shoulders. Otto stood on the side, taunting them with mimicry. When they ignored him, he declared he would start his own line and tried to persuade some of the boys to join him. They laughed and went on working and finally he called his own brother, shy little Klaus, and they wandered off together.

A few minutes later the line froze at the sound of the explosion. Sgt. Mack raced to the other end of the lot where

a cloud of dust was settling gently to the ground. Otto was staring, white and dazed and trembling. Mack put an arm across his shoulder, and at the touch Otto leaped back, screaming, "You killed my brother! You killed my brother!"

Why, gathering the body together in a blanket, trudging up to Klaus's home with the boys in silence trailing him, why, telling the parents what had happened, why did he feel so torn apart with guilt? Wasn't it their booby trap? Wasn't it one of them who had set the thing, neatly laid the wire? Damn it, how many Americans had been blown to bits by their mines? After the first few days, he wrote, *the engineers tested for booby traps and cleared the rubble with a bulldozer.*

He pushed back in his chair, visualizing the courtyard, resounding now with the unmarching rush of ragged shoes, the disordered cries of young free throats. The rubble was stacked neatly, like a wall, with pathways cut through at the corners, and the ragged scraps of buildings in the background stood clear. The surface of the yard was partly cobblestone and mostly earth, sprinkled here and there with resolute clumps of white and yellow flowers. At the far end there was, unaccountably, a chestnut tree that had escaped the bombs and shells, the need for firewood, and the temptation of the bulldozer driver.

Alive and growing, shining in the sun, glistening and dripping in the rain, its new leaves pushing out in promise of the sweetness of its blossoms and of rich fruit in the fall, it had become a central point in many of the games they played. Home base for softball, safe for tag, the finish line for races. A forest, a lighthouse, a dragon—it could be anything. One day, Rudolph had told him, "It is the Statue of Liberty—like in America—a German Statue of Liberty. We are the

boats. It shines its light. We go to it."

The boys cleaned up the recreation room, he wrote, themselves. He strung wire and scrounged the light bulbs and managed to get an Army stove and fuel. The boys brought the benches and the tables (they said from home) and he got crepe paper from the Red Cross to make the place look like the cellar clubs at home. Now there was a ping-pong table, a piano, and a radio (in a cabinet nailed into the wall). With a fire going in the stove, it was a cozy place.

"Sure," said Owens, who had the bunk next to his back in the company, "just keep the stove out once and see how many of them come."

We had a regular party for the opening, he wrote. He served the cocoa for the first time then. "All right," he stormed at Owens. "Why shouldn't it be warm for kids? Why shouldn't they have something hot to drink?" *And then we started playing ball.* The team, that was the thing, and everyone belonging and contributing the best he could. But more than that—the team, mankind, the world.

Owens, unexpectedly, and a new man in the company had come around to help. The new man, Christopher, was fine. He acted just like the kids, got all excited about a game, roughhoused around. They regarded him as a wonderful older brother. But it was natural, Mack thought. Christopher was a veteran too and not, like Owens, an occupation soldier who hadn't had to come the hard way. Then, bit by bit, he forced himself to realize that Christopher's interest in the boys sprang from the use he made of them in his black-market operations. He waited that day till the games were through and the kids had had their chocolate. Then, leaving Owens to close up the place, he said he would walk ahead with Christopher. Christopher, a

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bit surprised, but affable as ever, swung jauntily along. The moment they got on the narrow road beyond the town, Mack turned and, grabbing Christopher by the jacket, dragged him off into the brush. Later, he waited on the road for Owens and told him, "Christopher's in there. Will you see he gets back to camp O.K.?" That night, when, for the first time in a long time Mack got completely drunk, Owens went out and found him and brought him back to bed.

Next morning Christopher was up as usual for morning chow, brightly tossing back the jibes at his appearance: "I can't help it if my fraulein has a bed with bed-posts." As soon as he could catch Mack alone, he came up grinning. Mack turned away but Christopher edged in front of him.

"What the hell happened to you last night? You go nuts or something?"

Mack headed for the mess-hall door. Christopher clung beside him.

"What the hell are you so sore about? Because I didn't cut you in?"

Mack swung to face him; his fist tightened. Then everything seemed to collapse inside of him.

"For the love of God, Chris," he said. "You fought the war. . . ."

"Sure." Christopher gazed grotesquely through his swollen eyes at Mack. His puffed-up lips ran crooked in a sneer. "What the hell do you think the brass is doing? They're getting theirs—but legal. I just don't have the right cartel connections." He started walking off, turned, glanced back briefly and away from the pain in the sergeant's eyes. "Don't be a sucker, Mack," he said softly. "If the war had lasted couple-three more years, those kids would be ripping out your guts."

Mack laid the pen down, leaned his elbows on the desk, rested his head in his hands and stared at the paper

through his open fingers. Otto had come around the next day, looking for Christopher and, not finding him, had immediately gone off and had not ventured back since. Mack remembered watching him go down the street, his fat backside waddling with his queer shambling swagger, a lonely looking figure amid the piled-up rubble. Remembering, the same fear he had suddenly felt then rose to his eyes until the solitary figure blurred to a mass of men, here and at home, marching, in uniform again.

The shrieking of the kids scraped against the nerve ends of his body. He wished they wouldn't make quite so much racket so he could finish the report. They were, he thought, essentially like any bunch of kids. If they could be free now to find themselves as human beings. If they could have a normal life. A decent world. If they could be free now to explore man's knowledge. They asked a million questions.

They had some strange ideas about the States. That Washington and New York City had been bombed, of course. That German prisoners in the States had run for Congress. That Hitler was hiding in the States and, using various names and various disguises, was organizing to become again the Fuehrer. That gangsters ran Chicago with machine guns and cowboys ran the West with 45's and in the South no white man walked about without a coil of rope. That the Pacific Coast was Hollywood and Alcatraz.

Mack told them stories. He told them about Washington and Thomas Jefferson and Lincoln. He told them about Daniel Boone. He told them about Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. About Paul Bunyan and John Henry. He wished he knew some German history.

He searched his mind for scraps of knowledge and told them of the German who first marked the name "America"

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on a map. He told them of the Germans who, three hundred years ago in Pennsylvania, had written the first protest in America against slavery. He told them the story of John Peter Zenger who was the first in America to fight for and win the right to print the truth. He told them of the Germans who fought at Valley Forge, and of von Steuben. Of Carl Schurz who was a friend of Lincoln.

After their play outdoors the kids would spill into the recreation room and sit around the stove and drink their chocolate and listen to his stories. And there was not only the warmth of exercise, of the fire and the drinks. There was a warmth. . . .

Rudolph was the one he counted on. Rudolph was not tall for twelve but there was a sturdiness in him that squared his shoulders. His face was broad, his cheekbones flat and wide, his chin square-cut. His wavy dark-blond hair fell on his forehead. His dark eyes were large and clear. He was the new life springing from the rubble, breathing the air with curiosity, searching the moonlit sky that held no bombing planes, turning his face experimentally to the sun. There was something in him Hugo respected and Ernst loved, that even Otto feared.

Mack snapped his finger up and back along the edge of the report and raised his head to the shrill joyous yelling outside. Sure, it was worth it. Rudolph. . . .

Rudolph had come up to him one day.

"I cannot come here any more," he said. "My mother says she knows the reason you make us to play ball, to drink the chocolate. It is to make us strong when we grow big so we can fight the Russians for you." They stood looking at each other. Then Rudolph added, "I do not think this. But my mother says there are Americans who say this openly." He stood, his eyes

steady on the sergeant, waiting for an answer.

"Rudolph," said Mack, "the people of the world want peace." The boy's eyes leaped with hope. "But there are some who call themselves Americans," said Mack, "there are some in other countries too, they are few but they are powerful, Rudolph. . . ."

The boy looked out across the square. "When we clear away the ruins," he said, "we must be sure we dump them with the rubble."

Mack went to Rudolph's house and spoke with his mother. He spoke as honestly as he could find the words to say and she thanked him for the cocoa the children drank and he went away. A few days later Rudolph came back.

He smiled thoughtfully and picked up his pen and wrote slowly, deliberating on each letter, *If only these kids are given the chance. . . .*

He started at the sound of the front door and recognized Owens' footsteps behind him.

"Howdy," said Owens.

Mack turned and smiled. "Hi," he said. "Time to open up already?"

"Just about."

"What gives out there?"

"Oh, they're going strong—as you can hear. They got a big long rope from somewhere. Having a real old-fashioned tug-of-war. Otto's side against Rudolph's."

Mack stood up, his hand on the report.

"Otto?" he said.

"Yeah," said Owens. "He's back. He brought the rope."

"Does he have as many kids on his side?"

Owens shrugged. "Rudolph seems to be holding his own. I only glanced at them as I came in. Want to see the paper I just got from home?"

UNFINISHED REPORT

Mack opened the paper to the front page. The headline was of American-Russian disagreement on the de-Nazification of Germany. There was the usual article on the housing shortage, a discussion of when the depression would probably break. There was a little item about a lynching, a big spread about curbing labor unions, an urgent quote from somebody's speech appealing for an immediate loan to build the "anti-Communist" army of another faltering government.

"You should see that little Ernst," said Owens, "hanging on to the end of Rudolph's line, pulling away for all he's worth. I can just see them all falling back on top of Ernst, if Rudolph wins."

"That kid can take it," said Mack, looking up from the paper. "He's indestructible. You know he's the only one left of his whole family. They were one of those families who fought their way in and out of concentration camps all over Europe."

"Oh. I knew there must be something about that kid." Owens walked over to the desk. "How's the report?"

Mack grimaced, turning up his hands. "I'll never get it written."

"You think the Colonel'll ever read it?"

Mack laughed. "Owens," he said, "you beat me. Why do you spend your time at this?"

"I'll tell you something, Mack. I don't know whether you heard it yet. There was a guy in this town, Herr Rotterhein—one of the strongest backers of the Nazis here, one of the leading citizens since 1933—if you believe what the people say, or if you look up the old Party records. Well, this morning, this guy was reinstated as manager of the chemicals plant. The Colonel countersigned the order. So now I'll put the water on for cocoa."

Mack sailed the newspaper across the room.

"It's got awfully quiet outside," he said.

"Yeah. They're probably over on the other side, over by the tree."

"But still it's awfully quiet."

"Yeah, it is. All of a sudden."

"I'll go see. You put the cocoa water on."

Mack picked up his unfinished report, doubled it twice, and put it in his shirt pocket. He walked across the room and opened the back door. Across the deserted courtyard there was only Rudolph standing near the tree. And beyond, the frantic rush of a crowd of footsteps disappearing down the street.

Rudolph was not simply standing there. His arms loose at his sides, his fingers wide, he was backing slowly from the tree as if his feet were rooted in a nightmare dream. Then Mack saw the thing Rudolph was staring at, the thing suspended from the tree. He started across the square. He ran faster than his legs could move and he was at the tree, his knife out in his hand, cutting the rope, holding the soft meager little body of Ernst in his arms, loosening the noose.

"I told them it was a Nazi lie!" shrieked Rudolph. "I told them it does not happen in the States!"

Mack laid Ernst on the ground. He dropped down to his knees and found the fleshless ribs beneath his fingers. He pressed down lightly, swung back on his heels, swung forward, released, swung back, as if it was his breath that ran down through his arms to find Ernst's lungs.

"I want you to help me, Rudolph," he said, in rhythm with his body. "You have to help me, Rudolph," he said, trying to reach through Rudolph's sobs. "Go in to Owens and tell him to bring

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some blankets. But first do this." He kept on rocking as he spoke, as if in some strange way of prayer. "Reach into my pocket, the pocket on the right side of my shirt. Take out the piece of paper that is there. Now fold it. Fold it again and again. Now put it between his teeth. That's right. That's good. Now go get Owens. Rudolph, he isn't going to die.

Do you hear me, Rudolph—he isn't going to die."

Edith Witt is the author of a previous story in COMMON GROUND—"Hunting," in the Winter 1947 number.

The illustrations are by Bernadine Custer.



CAN YOU SPEAK RUSSIAN?

JOSEPH LAWREN

RUSSIA is terra incognita to me. I do not speak or understand a Russian word. Even vodka tastes strange to my ears. But despite these lingual hurdles I believe I have learned something about these enigmatic Russians.

For back in 1943-44 I became acquainted with, and tried to make friends of, about 400 Russians in St. Petersburg—Florida. I got to know them as well as the unscalable walls of lingual ignorance would permit. I never discovered a St. Petersburgian who understood Russian. Nor was I ever able to discover a Russian sailor who was able to speak English, except for some stock phrases they had evidently learned by heart and "Koka-Kola," which, I submit, was an hospitable

bridge but not quite enough for mutual understanding.

They were, these Russian sailors, a colorful thread in the warp and woof of the city life. Their round naval caps with black bands, which carried unpronounceable and enigmatic lettering, sat jauntily upon heads rarely uncovered in the St. Petersburgian sunshine. From many of their caps blue-ribbon streamers floated in the breeze as their wearers made their way quietly and grinningly down Central Avenue. Their blue Navy costumes were always in the pink of condition. Their snub-nosed shoes were always in the black.

Although their presence was a military secret known by every one in St. Petersburg, there were as many versions of the

reason for their presence in the "Sunshine City" as there were prognosticators. Some said they were in St. Petersburg to man merchant vessels that were to sail from nearby Tampa to Vladivostok and other unpronounceable ports. Others held to the view they were sent here for training to man mine-sweepers that were being built in Tampa for use in the Baltic Sea. Still others maintained that they were here as spies to prepare the land for an invasion of "them there Bolsheviks." On the other hand, a few held to the view that they were ambassadors of goodwill to America. With the last view I agree.

For they were, by the perpetual smiles which lighted up their fair-skinned or pock-marked countenances, as winning a group of seamen as I have ever encountered. Their conduct was exemplary. Never did I see one in a saloon, nor does the local police record disclose one complaint of their misconduct, or the arrest of a single Russian sailor during their year's stay in St. Petersburg. In their deportment they were the most unseamlike of seamen. But what intrigued me more than their physical deportment was their mental deportment. Here I was stymied by our mutual inability to understand each other. However, I determined to try to overcome this apparently insuperable obstacle. The only interpreter I could discover was my tailor, who had emigrated from Russia at the time of the Czars. So one evening when I accosted six of the Russian sailors, I took the foremost by the arm and said, "Koka-Kola." That was always open sesame to friendship, for they were the only words we had in common.

"Yah," he said, bobbing his head up and down energetically in fear I might not understand his "yah" to mean my "yes." But instead of going direct to the Koka-Kola emporium, I led them to the green bench where I had planted my inter-

preter-friend. Craftily I introduced them to the quondam Russian. The interpreter let go a burst of what seemed to me pure Russian. Puzzlement registered on the faces of my six Russian sailor friends. Greater puzzlement followed on the face of my tailor friend. Evidently they did not understand what he was talking about. Doggedly he emitted another stream of what appeared pure Russian to me. The six Russian boys looked at me and, shaking their heads, said in unison, "No English me." My tailor friend looked up helplessly and said, "I guess my Russian ain't so good. Forty years is a long time to forget."

So we made for the Koka-Kola restaurant. I tried to make them understand I wished them to order something else, but since they could not read the menu and I could not translate it, all their orders were confined to Koka-Kola.

When the check arrived, one of the boys made a snatch for it. Frustrated, he drew out a roll of bills big enough to choke a horse or buy a wholesale Koka-Kola plant. Trying to make me understand, he pointed to his cap. "Navy pay," he said. Apparently that was a stock phrase employed by him in his American spy campaign.

One Sunday morning in my room fronting on Central Avenue, the Sabbath quiet was suddenly pierced by the sound of a multitude of voices chanting a dirge I had never before heard on land or sea. I rushed to the window. Up the street moved a slow undulating stream of white-capped, white-robed figures. As far as my eye could see, and my ears could hear, the slight swell of the moving stream brought to my ears the low, sad dirge whose words I could not comprehend. I rushed down and stood on the sidewalk just in time to catch the front row of the moving figures. There were the Russians, quietly, sonorously, and sedately

moving down Central Avenue, their chanting low-keyed so not to awaken the sleeping St. Petersburgians. As I caught sight of the first one I recognized, his set countenance broke into a grin of recognition. As they flowed by, the glinting grins of those I knew were like flashing mirrors touched by the sun. Down the street they moved and the last of their dirge came faintly back to me as the white-capped stream flowed round a corner. To me, the dirge sounded like a wail for a return to Mother Russia, a return from a land that was kind but did not understand to a land which was not so kind but did understand.

That evening, as I was perambulating down Central Avenue, a shout went up from my six Russian friends who were sitting on the green benches apparently in wait for me. There was a new face among them. The new Russian sailor looked quizzically at me. Then one of my friends, pointing at the newcomer, said one word—"English." I assumed this to mean that at long last they had discovered an interpreter in their midst. This seemed to be the signal for the new boy to direct a stream of Russian at me. This Russian was of a type also unfamiliar to my non-lingual ears, but here and there I did catch what might have been an effort to throw in an English word or two. When he had exhausted himself, I looked at him and said, "No understand Russian." My friends, whose countenances first bespoke puzzlement, suddenly burst forth into uncontrollable laughter. Bewildered, and uncertain whether they were laughing at me or at their friend, I tried to ask what caused the outburst. Its cause remained an unsolved mystery until some time later, when, sitting among them at an open-air prize fight, an American soldier who understood and could speak Russian acted as my interpreter. "Ask them," I said, "what caused their laughter when

their friend spoke Russian to me. And then ask them why I never have seen their friend since." Upon his interpreting my query, the six broke out again in gales of merriment. They then inundated the American soldier with their explanation. When the commotion had died down, the American soldier said to me, "They say that their friend had been learning English out of a book. He would never join them at any sport because he was studying to become an American interpreter. So they dubbed him 'the American scholar.' He accompanied them to act as interpreter for the one man they had encountered in St. Petersburg who at least tried to make himself understood, and when you rewarded him with mistaking his English for Russian, they burst into laughter. The young interpreter hasn't dared show his face since then to the one who did not understand his English."

One evening, after the failure of the interpreters, we left the Koka-Kola restaurant and sat on green benches struggling to express ourselves. No dice. We were all discouraged. Then it suddenly occurred to me that, although I was as innocent of any knowledge of the Russian language as are most writers who write about Russia, at least I had a rather extensive knowledge of Russian literature, music, and the arts. This might help.

So out of a clear sky I shouted, "Dostoyevsky."

Had I dropped an atomic bomb, the repercussions could not have been more startling.

The faces of four of the boys were contorted with fear and hope. Two jumped to their feet. They shouted to their four bewildered friends "Dostoyevsky." Their pronunciation was several shades more Russified than mine. At once joy gave way to fear on the faces of the four doubting Thomases. The six surrounded me. One took my hand and pumped it in

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what appeared to be congratulations. They let out a stream of Russian which broke against my ignorance like a wave against a stone wall. Apparently they had, at long last in this city which contained no Russians, met one of their own.

I protested I could not understand. When the import of this broke in upon them, they resumed their seats, crestfallen. Pursuing the same tactics, I said "Gogol."

Up they jumped again like delighted children, gesticulating. Again the river of Russian. But this time I recognized words which floated like long-forgotten memories: *Revizor* (The Inspector General), *Miortuye Dushi* (Dead Souls). By this time they appeared convinced I knew no Russian but, for some unknown reason, was naming a list of Russian authors. So they sat and waited for the third on my list.

"Chekhov," I said. They all echoed the name. Down the line from earliest Russian authors to the moderns—Pushkin, Turgenev, Tolstoy, Gorki, down to Ilya Ehrenburg, I named their writers. I watched their reactions and discovered to my amazement that these simple Russian sailors were all familiar with the names and works of their national writers.

For several years I had talked with a large number of our American boys at the local maritime training station. At this station was the old windjammer, the *Joseph Conrad*. Not one of the boys I had met had known the significance of the name of their ship or had heard of the famous English-Polish writer. *Joseph Conrad* was a closed book to every one of them.

Thus, here I had the opportunity of comparison. For these Russian sailors appeared to be parallel in age, class, and educational backgrounds. And in both personal deportment and knowledge of literature the Russians were infinitely superior to our own boys.

But if I had any question about the apparently high standard of education among the Russian boys, it was set at rest when one of them conceived the idea of repayment. Suddenly he shouted, "Jack London." From the rest of the boys came, in not very good pronunciation, titles of Jack London's books. That began it. When they had finished their roster of American and English writers, I was given an insight into the type of English literature these boys had read in translation.

"Jack London, Theodore Dreiser, Shakespeare." It was the first "literary evening" I had enjoyed in St. Petersburg in several years and it came not with my fellow-Americans but with the "dumb Russians."

Next evening I found the boys walking up and down the avenue. When they saw me their faces lit up; it seemed they were on the lookout for another literary evening.

We sat down on the green benches. Again the "conversation" consisted of names surrounded by a stream of non-understandable Russian and American.

"Nejinsky," I said, for I had met that gentleman when he first came to America.

Up jumped a boy from the bench and made several characteristic Russian dance steps to show he understood. I was elated. From Nejinsky I went down the list of Russian actors I had seen perform when the Moscow Art Theatre came to New York. Again I found how wide was their acquaintance with the outstanding figures of the Russian theatre. But it was in the field of music they seemed to be most at home. For from Glinka, Rubenstein, Tschaikovsky, Moussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakov down to Shostakovich, they immediately recognized the musician's names which I recited, and whistled snatches of tunes from their works. I wondered how many of our maritime boys had ever been to a musical performance of higher grade

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than a juke-box-platter production of a fourth-rate musical comedy.

I sat among the Russians one night, watching an open-air prize fight staged by the Army Replacement Center then located in St. Petersburg, when a sudden shower drove all the spectators into the grandstand. A wild dash filled it to the bursting point. I was wedged in at that point. To my surprise, none of my Russian friends accompanied me. There they sat in the open, pelted by rain. To a man standing next to me I said, "Why don't they take cover?"

Said he, "Dem dumb Russians don't know when to come out of the rain!"

Soon the rain stopped and we returned to our seats.

The young American soldier who could talk Russian came over.

"Ask them why they didn't get out of the rain," I said.

In a moment he reported, "They say the stand was crowded and it's only right they shouldn't crowd out Americans.

They say St. Petersburg has been very good to them."

Another evening, in the bright moonlight, my Russian sailor friends and I sat on the green benches still struggling with the language barrier.

Two old men came by and stopped, fascinated by the apparent difficulty we were having in understanding each other. One said to the other, "Them Russians don't understand American."

The other old man said "And we Americans don't understand Russian."

My Russian friends looked at the two old men questioningly.

"Canceled out!" said I to my Russian friends.

"Yah, yah," they answered in chorus, their faces beaming. It seemed to me that here again they *did* understand—a little.

Joseph Lawren is a free-lance writer, whose "Masaryktown" appeared in our Spring 1942 number.

OUT OF THE KITCHEN

MARY B. D'ANTONIO

TOMORROW is the first day of school. This term I can't register for evening classes at the University because my baby is arriving late. It's the first time in twenty-five years I have not registered for school in the fall.

Once before I missed the first day of school. I was seventeen that September.

Tomorrow was the first day of school. My new subjects were history and biology. I hadn't taken these before because of my commercial course. Tomorrow would be

like the opening of a picnic lunch after a long hike. All summer I had scrubbed and dusted in our third-floor apartment on Elm Street above the J. & L. Steel mills. Tomorrow. . . .

When I came home from the library that evening, I found Rosario, the cabinet-maker, in our kitchen. He and Father were glancing over the Italian weekly newspaper as they sipped their wine.

"What's dat book, Maria?" Rosario asked me. "Something *romantico*, I be sure!"

OUT OF THE KITCHEN

"Just a history book!" I replied.

"History? You finish the school in June, Maria!" Rosario was puzzled.

"I'm going back to high school. I couldn't find a job all summer."

After the eighth grade I had taken a two-year business course. I had hoped to help at home and save for college. But it was 1932, when the steel mills weren't working. I was one of the lost generation who trudged the streets of the Golden Triangle every morning and dreamed of a job. My imaginary employer said, "Start tomorrow, Miss!" All out of breath I rode the incline to Mount Washington and visited my Syrian friend, Symaia. At the door I hugged her and said, "I found a job! Fifteen dollars a week!" But in two months of trudging my dream never came true.

Rosario didn't understand the thrill of a job because he had his own shop. He made bars and cabinets.

"You like the school so much, Maria, you should be teacher, *si, una maestra!*" Rosario grinned and poured more wine. He drank his wine in a single sip and left abruptly.

Tomorrow was the first day of school. I was pressing a new blouse of shiny white rayon. Father had got the rayon at the relief office. Symaia had tailored it for me into this shirtwaist blouse.

"*Squittete!* (Forget it!)" Father's heavy arm struck against my nose. I was suddenly on the floor, clutching the wooden handle from the iron. The blouse lay there covered with blood.

"*Figlia mia!* (My daughter!) *Figlia mia!* Jesu, help me!" Mother cried and handed me a cup of water.

"*Squittete!*" Father struck me again.

All night I lay on the leather couch in the kitchen.

"*Squittete!*" he had said. He had commanded me to forget school.

I had no one to turn to. Our relatives

were in Europe. The *paesanos* didn't approve of my going to school. They had often remarked to Mother, "Fifteen-, sixteen-year-old, too much school. Maria she go to school and she maybe be school teacher and be *zitella* (old maid)!"

I had only one friend—Symaia, the Syrian girl. Symaia kept house for her father. Except for daily trips to her father's dry goods store to work on the accounts, she wasn't permitted out of the house. She had come from Syria with her mother and brother five years ago. After a year of her father's tyranny, the mother and brother had gone back to the old country.

Symaia was tall and dark-eyed. She wore her long blond hair in braids. Only 20, she looked 30. She spoke in soft quivering words: "Father does not approve!"

Symaia was my only friend, but she couldn't help me.

School started. A week went by without my registering.

Mother suggested that I speak with Father, explain that I wanted an education to get a good job.

"Speak with your padre. He sorry he hurt you; speak with him!"

Talking with Father about school wasn't easy. I had never talked personal problems with him. As a child I had seen only a little of him, a few months when I was five. He had been home in the interval between the end of World War I and his emigration to America. After he left for America I wrote to him and generally enclosed some school compositions. He had always labeled my efforts as "Stupidaggine about the moon and the cherry blossoms." I didn't really get to know him until we came to Pittsburgh to join him when I was twelve.

On our first day here, Mother called me to one side and whispered, "Kiss your padre good night!"

I promised.

After supper Father ordered me to wash dishes. Unaccustomed to china plates, hot water, and a porcelain sink, the four plates slipped from my hands and broke. He tried to strike me but Mother shielded me. All night long he cursed all of us, Mother and my younger brothers.

From then on we were afraid of Father. Mother became the intermediary. She coped with requests for a nickel, new socks, shoes, or going for a walk. He spoke to us only to tell stories. As I grew older, the stories were replaced by political discussions which wound up with a statement of his ideal—a world without the evil of money, where a worker contributed only enough labor for his food and shelter. Without money the false luxuries of life would not exist. No more palaces. No more jewelry. No more furs.

Often Rosario, the cabinetmaker, joined us on Sundays.

"Liberty is my ideal!" Rosario said. His liberty was a *laissez-faire* liberty, freedom to get ahead with his enterprise.

"I learn trade when I was fourteen year old," he would explain. "I work for ten years for *padrone* in Italy and I have nothing. Here in America I work for myself ten year and I have my shop!"

"You *capitalista*!" Father claimed capitalists took advantage of the working man.

"Rosario have best ideal!" Mother was on Rosario's side. "Rosario save money and his wife be happy. *Fortunata* is the girl who marry Rosario, *fortunata*!"

"No, *bossa*, no find *fortuna*, no find good wife."

It was true. Rosario had had no luck in finding a wife. American girls were American girls to him. He objected to their lipstick, their permanent waves, their cigarettes, their air of independence. Girls fresh from the old country were scarce. Of these he said, "You teach greenhorn

girl from old country how be *Americana*. After she can talk good in English, then she run away with some American guy." I never took interest in the conversation. I wanted to talk of Beethoven, Heywood Broun, or the war in Manchuria. But none of the people who visited us were interested in Beethoven, Heywood Broun, or the war in Manchuria. And now I wasn't even going to school.

Two weeks went by and I hadn't talked with Father about school. Mother had another idea.

Father admired the insurance agent, Jerry Mandarin, and praised his ability to speak both languages fluently. "English like an *Americano* and Italian like a *Tuscano*," he pointed out.

So Mother went to see Jerry Mandarin at his home. That very evening he came to visit us.

"Maria," he said, "will you write some letters for me? I have a typewriter in the automobile. I cannot trust my secretary with letters in Italian. She forgets the accents." Mr. Mandarin was serious and firm.

I took his dictation in Italian, adapting Gregg to the Italian idiom as I went along. When I finished, he showed the letters to my father.

"My friend, you have a jewel for a daughter. After a few more years of schooling you will be proud of her. *Un'orgoglio*, my friend! Si, Maria will make you proud!"

The next morning Mother awakened me at seven and told me to go ahead—back to school.

Father treated me the usual way, seldom talking to me except to point out a caricature on the editorial page of the newspaper. By June of that year I was entangled in the feature page of the high school weekly, the munitions study of the Peace Club, a term paper on heredity

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and environment, and a review of Dante's *Inferno* for the Book Club.

I continued going to school through the summer. Father said nothing.

On the way home from classes one morning, I met Rosario. I hadn't seen him for many Sundays because I had spent most of my time in the library. He waved and crossed to my side of the street.

"Maria, you never see my shop. I told your mother to bring you, but she never bring you."

We walked a block to his cabinet-making shop. Two carpenters were at

counter—a cash book, ledger, and journal. I asked about them.

"I want to start a system for the book-keeping, Maria. Maybe you can help me. Your father say you can keep the book-keeping system."

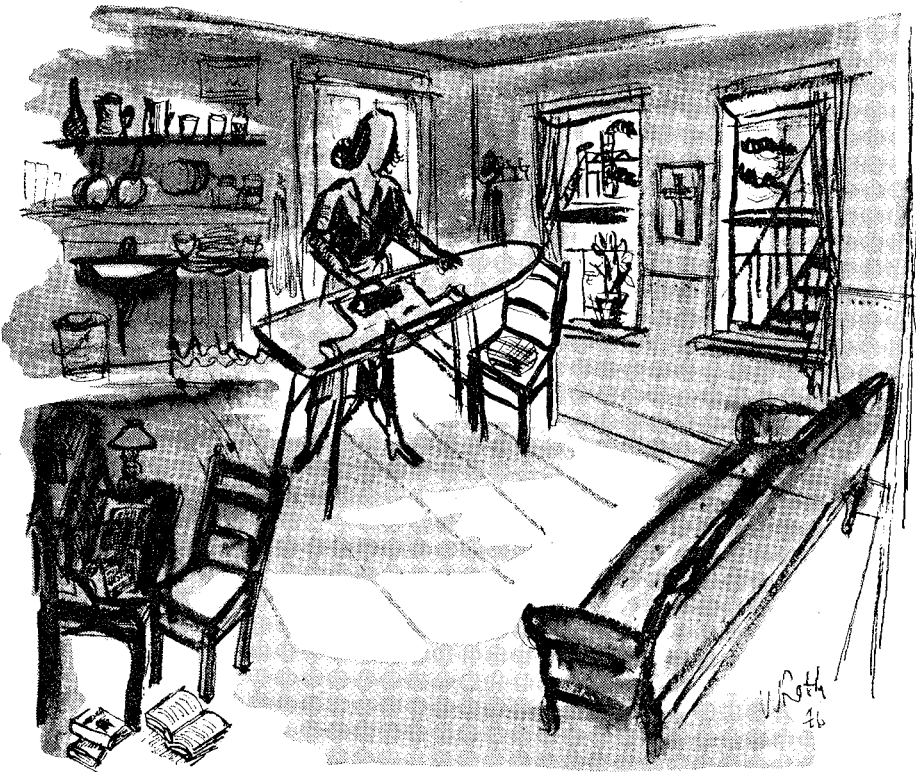
I promised to start on his books at the end of the summer school term.

"Summer school? You flunk one subject?" He was surprised.

I explained about taking advanced French and world history.

"French? That is for the *diplomaticos*. A young lady study French!" He grinned.

"It is O.K. for young lady to study the



work. A customer was waiting for an estimate. Rosario answered the telephone. He was genial and courteous, pronouncing each of his words separately.

I noticed a set of blank books on the

typewriter and the bookkeeping system because she use, but French language—"

I didn't answer.

"Come upstairs to see a big surprise! I finish yesterday!"

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Rosario led me into a room of snow. A white kitchen. One whole wall was covered with white cabinets from top to bottom. He opened several compartments and explained the use for each one.

"This is for the flour to make bread. Tight. No air. And this has special slots for small dish towels. This drawer to keep the forks and knives separated. This one for showing off the dishes—to decorate, you know. This—"

I had never before seen a spot as white and neat. All I had known was our kitchen with its torn wallpaper, scraped linoleum, mahogany secretary cabinet, and the leather couch from the Salvation Army Store. If I could only cook and wash dishes in this kitchen for one day!

"I make one kitchen like this for rich woman in Squirrel Hill. After, I want one for myself. Then I figure I want the electric ice box, the white sink, the white stove. Next thing I spend \$1,000 for the kitchen!"

I examined more compartments.

"Rosario, it's like a department store!" I was thrilled. "If I had it—"

"Right, Maria, you have good words always!"

Going down the steps he squeezed my hand.

"Watch the extra step, Maria. I am happy the kitchen is what you like. Tonight I will speak with your father. Arrivederci!"

When I got home, I found Mother in silence. She followed me into my bedroom. "Your padre say no more school for you. Rosario was here this morning. His house ready. He—" Mother was sobbing.

"Me?"

"Si. He want to be married right away."

Rosario was thirty-three. I was seventeen.

"I want to work, Mother. I want to have a job!"

"Your padre speak with Rosario again tonight. You be here, too. Tell him. Your

padre will not give you the peace. Obey your padre!"

I wanted to earn my living and be independent. School started in three more weeks. I had worked hard to become editor of our school paper and the senior year book. I had promised Miss Berne to be in her small class of advanced French. I could never miss Mr. Clare's class in problems of democracy. A new subject was ahead—chemistry. I couldn't give up all this for a snow-white kitchen!

Later that afternoon Jerry Mandarin stopped in to collect on our insurances. I was scrubbing the kitchen floor.

"You will not have to scrub your new kitchen that much, Maria. You will learn to wax it." Jerry Mandarin grinned.

I stared at him.

"It is a beautiful kitchen, I must admit, Maria."

"What kitchen?" I was angry.

"Your department-store kitchen! I saw your future husband today!"

"My future husband!" I wiped off the sweat and dipped my face in cold water.

"When is the big day, Maria?"

I was in tears.

Jerry smiled. "You do what you want with your life, kid. Do what your heart says. It's a beautiful kitchen!" Jerry Mandarin left hurriedly without collecting the premiums.

After supper that evening Father awaited Rosario. He had a jug of wine and salami for the occasion. Mother spent the waiting in scouring pots and pans. I tried to review French verbs for a test. Perhaps—perhaps Jerry Mandarin had told Rosario I was crying. Perhaps—

At last there was a knock, but it wasn't Rosario. Symaia, my Syrian friend, came in, escorted by a cousin as old as my father. Mother embraced her and forced her to sit down.

"I just came to say 'Hello.' Father does not know I have come. I cannot stay."

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Quiveringly she explained that her father was in Mercy Hospital. Mother put her arm around her.

"You good girl like *italiana* girl. You visit Maria again. I ask your father."

Rosario walked in hurriedly without knocking, as though he were late for an appointment. He was cold.

I introduced Symaia and her elderly cousin. He bowed. "*Italiana?*" he asked.

"No, *Syriana*," I replied. Symaia reddened.

"You have not the lipstick red and you have the hair long. I think for sure you *italiana*."

Symaia blushed again but spoke no words.

"Symaia is very good in accounting," I remarked to Rosario. "She is going to help me start your system." I was glad to have something to talk about.

"Si? I mean yes. So you learn the book-keeping?"

"I try." Symaia looked at me.

Rosario was pensive. Neither spoke. No one spoke. Then Rosario broke the silence. "You studied the system in school?"

"Yes, I attended class with Maria. I like the bookkeeping. I am not so good in the shorthand."

Symaia and Rosario talked more and more. After a few sentences, Symaia's words became firm. There was a glow in Rosario's face and a glow in Symaia's. When she told him she was in a hurry to leave, Rosario offered to take her and her cousin in his car.

At the door Symaia embraced me. "I'll see you Sunday, Symaia," I said.

Father waited for Rosario until midnight. He never came back to set the marriage date.

When I visited Symaia the following Sunday, I found her on the porch brushing her blond hair. She was trying to set it a new way, in place of the braid.

"My father says he will be home from the hospital tomorrow. We—" Symaia blushed. Then, "Our engagement will be announced Sunday," she said firmly.

"Engagement?"

"My father always wish that my cousin ask for my hand because it is best to marry cousins. But my father say he like your friend Rosario. He knew him long time ago when he made counter for our store. Rosario will make good home for me. I saw the dream kitchen!"

Symaia was happy. No longer did she speak in quivering words. I could see her keeping that white kitchen always spotless by cooking in the cellar. I could picture Rosario as he took his customers upstairs for a casual cup of coffee or a glass of wine. Demurely Symaia would offer her hand. "It is a beautiful kitchen. Rosario made it for me!"

I promised to be a bridesmaid. That evening Rosario himself came to visit us and invited us to the wedding. Mother was happy.

"Just like that you find one good girl. She guaranteed. Like *italiana*—no smoke, no red lips, no talk too much. She cook and help in shop. Syrian girl good."

Father was silent. He nodded politely to Rosario's invitation.

But after Rosario had left and we had gone to bed, I heard Father's voice. He was reprimanding Mother. "Yours the fault. You always say, 'Wait till she is big.'" He was angry.

I got up and looked out of the window into the night. The open hearth mill was once more flaming into the darkness. Tomorrow evening Roosevelt's voice would come on the air: "My friends. . . ." Every word was precious. I would take it in shorthand. His were words of hope. In the flames of steel and the rings of smoke was more hope. And for me there was immediate hope in the words of our high school principal: "You'll go to college

somehow. We need youngsters like you. We'll see to it that you get there, scholarship or no scholarship."

And there was more hope for me now that I had made my way out of Rosario's snow-white kitchen into our own.

I went downstairs for a drink of water. I sat on the leather couch in the kitchen—our kitchen.

Mary B. D'Antonio came from Italy when she was twelve and has lived in Pittsburgh ever since. Whatever time she can spare from her baby is rationed out in helping her husband on advertising copy, classes at the University of Pittsburgh, and writing. This is her first appearance in a national magazine.

Wolfgang Roth is the illustrator.

• The Pursuit of Liberty •

CONDUCTED BY MILTON R. KONVITZ

THE RIGHT OF ALIENS TO WORK

ON May 16, 1947, a decision was handed down by the Oregon Circuit Court that should be noted by all persons interested in the rights of aliens and civil liberties. A resident of the city of Portland applied to the State Board of Barber Examiners for an apprentice license to practice barbering. He stated in his application that he was a Filipino, had resided for many years in Portland, had declared his intention of becoming an American citizen, and had served and been honorably discharged from the U.S. Army. He passed the examination of the Board, but he was refused an apprentice license on the sole ground that he was not a citizen of the United States. He thereupon applied to the Court for an order directing the issuance of the license.

The Court considered the question whether the Oregon statutes which require an applicant for a barber's license to be a citizen are constitutional. Judge Redding held the statutes unconstitutional.

While the state has a right to regulate barbers and barbering, said the court, laws

which limit the granting of barbers' licenses to United States citizens are unreasonable regulations. Judge Redding said that in the operation of pool parlors, the sale of intoxicating liquors, the operation of pawn shops, and in other types of business "the conduct of which has a bearing upon the morals, health, and safety of the citizens of the community," it is "entirely reasonable" to limit licenses for the operation of such businesses to citizens. But Judge Redding was unable to see, he said, how the fact that the applicant for the barber's license was not a citizen could adversely affect his customers. The Oregon statutes were, therefore, declared unconstitutional, as in violation of the Constitution of the State of Oregon and of the Fourteenth Amendment to the United States Constitution.

While the court's decision is certainly commendable, one may question his *obiter* assertion that laws requiring licensees of pool parlors, saloons, and some other types of business to be citizens are constitutional because the conduct of

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these businesses has a bearing upon the morals, health and safety of the community. For what business, when misconducted, may not become a threat to the morals, health, and safety of the community? Certainly a barber may so conduct himself in his shop as to make his place of business a public nuisance; but so may a grocer, a druggist, a bootblack, a lunch-room operator.

In fact, in 39 states liquor dealers are required to be citizens; the same requirement obtains as to druggists in 16 states; optometrists in 14 states; embalmers in 17 states; mining employees in 13 states; chiropractors in 8 states; osteopaths in 10; chiropodists in 6; barbers in 4 states besides Oregon; private detectives in 8; veterinarians in 5; plumbers in 4; employees on horse race tracks in 3; pawnbrokers in 3; auctioneers in 2; etc. In 13 states physicians must be citizens; in 18 states dentists must be citizens. In addition there are scores of occupations and professions from which non-declarants are barred, which means that persons ineligible for American citizenship may not enter them.

In 1915 in *Truax v. Raich*, the United States Supreme Court had before it an Arizona statute which provided that when anyone employed five or more persons, not less than eighty per cent of them had to be citizens. In other words, four out of every five employees had to be citizens. The court, in an opinion by Mr. Justice Hughes, held the act invalid. The opinion offered the following grounds for declaring the act unconstitutional:

(1) The equal protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment applies to aliens as well as to citizens.

(2) A state may not deny to aliens the ordinary means of earning a livelihood. "It requires no argument," said Hughes, "to show that the right to work for a living in the common occupations of the

community is of the very essence of the personal freedom and opportunity that it was the purpose of the Amendment to secure."

(3) The denial of the right to earn a living is tantamount to a denial of the right to enter the state, for men "cannot live where they cannot work." A denial of the right to enter the state is an invasion of the power to admit and exclude aliens, which is vested exclusively in the federal government. If the courts were to uphold the Arizona statute, said Hughes, it would lead to the segregation of aliens in states which do not deny hospitality.

The court, however, recognized the power of a state to make reasonable classifications in legislating to promote the health, safety, morals, and welfare of those within its jurisdiction. If a *special public interest* is shown with respect to a *particular business* in which the employment of aliens might be said to be a *peril to the public welfare*, an act prohibiting the employment of aliens in that *particular business* might be constitutional.

In 1927 the court was given an opportunity to apply this test of constitutionality of legislation affecting aliens in employment. In *Clarke v. Deckebach* the court had before it a Cincinnati ordinance which prohibited the issuance to aliens of licenses to conduct poolrooms and billiard rooms. An action was brought by a British subject to compel the issuance of a license to him. He attacked the ordinance as a violation of the Fourteenth Amendment and of the treaty with Great Britain. The court, in an opinion by Mr. Justice Stone, upheld the ordinance.

The ordinance did not violate the Fourteenth Amendment because the Amendment prohibits only "plainly irrational discrimination against aliens." The ordinance presupposed that aliens in Cincinnati were not so well qualified as citizens

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to engage in the business of poolroom and billiard room operation. The court said it was not necessary that the court be satisfied that this premise is well founded in experience. If alienage bears a relation to a legitimate object of legislation, it may serve as a basis for a permitted classification; and if the possibility for a rational basis for the classification is not precluded, that is, if the classification is not plainly irrational, it will be sustained.

The only test for which a good word may be said is that used in *Truax v. Raich*, which placed emphasis on the requirement to show a necessary or rational connection between alienage and peril to the public welfare. This test, which attempts to balance the welfare of the alien against that of the community as a whole, seems reasonable; but one may venture to suggest that if this test were applied with

full awareness of all relevant facts and in the absence of unfounded assumptions, very few, if any, discriminations would be found to be constitutional. If we apply this test, it is difficult to see the validity of the laws which prohibit aliens, otherwise qualified, from the practice of medicine. Is there any proof that an alien physician is less likely to observe the oath of Hippocrates than a citizen? What facts are there to sustain the proposition that the practice of medicine by qualified alien physicians is likely to be detrimental to the public interest? The same question may be asked regarding the dentist, the engineer, the real estate agent, the surveyor, the veterinarian, the boiler inspector, the barber, the private banker, and the host of other callings from which, in one state or another, the alien is excluded.

• Miscellany •

THE PEOPLES SECTION for the United Nations (45 East 65 Street, New York 21), formed in January 1947, now includes membership in 47 states. It is on the road to serving as a channel of communication between the people of this country and the State Department, U.S. officials on UN, as well as UN officials themselves.

Speakers report that one question put to them most often is, "What can I do to help the UN? What can I do to help make it work?" Through the Peoples Section every member can become a force, registering his opinion on matters facing the international organization. This peoples group may some day open the door to an assembly constituting a regular organ of the United Nations where the citizens of

the world can meet as individuals. For the present, a question based on an important issue before UN is released to members each month for study and discussion. Views submitted are carefully analyzed at the headquarters of the American Association for the United Nations, trustee for the Peoples Section, and summary reports passed on to U.S. and UN officials. Objective background material accompanies the questions, which thus far have included the problem of relief, International Trade Organization, human rights, Greece, disarmament and the atom, and Palestine.

An individual may join the Peoples Section, a family may join, a discussion group or organization may join. Each classification pays the same—\$1 yearly.

• The Common Council at Work •

INCIDENTAL TO ITS MAIN JOB of education and social action, the Council each month assists several hundred men and women in connection with problems growing out of our immigration and naturalization laws. Acquiring American citizenship or legal residence in the United States is never a routine matter to the newcomer whose life and hopes hang in the balance. Often such cases underline in flesh and blood principles for which the Council is fighting.

Senzo T--, for example, was admitted to this country in 1929 as a Japanese treaty merchant. In 1935 he married an American girl. He and his wife have three children—native-born Americans. The outlook was dark in the first years of the war, but Mr. T-- was a staunch believer in democracy, had a blameless record, and in 1944 became an instructor in Japanese at a great American university in the East.

Then, when the skies seemed clear ahead, came the heart-chilling notice that he must prepare for deportation, and separation from his family, unless he took his Anglo-Saxon wife and their children with him to Japan. He turned to the Council for help. Its immigration expert pointed out that Japanese, as persons still ineligible to American citizenship, were not admissible as immigrants under our immigration laws, but that the law made an exception in the case of teachers and certain other professionals. The necessary papers were filled out. Overjoyed, Mr. T-- went last summer to Montreal, and ten days later the American consul approved his entry into the United States as a permanent resident. Ultimately, if Congress passes the bill, advocated by the Council, to eliminate racial discriminations from our naturalization laws, he can

become, like his wife and children, an American citizen.

Pedro B--, good Spanish democrat and soldier, is today a free man in Venezuela. Except for the Council, he might very well be lying in a Spanish jail waiting for one of Franco's firing squads. When Franco won the civil war, Pedro B-- was a battalion captain in the Loyalist army. Condemned to death, he was finally let off with life imprisonment. After six years in jail he escaped to France, where he fought the Nazis as a foreign legionnaire. Last year he stowed away on an American ship and joined friends in New York. Two months later he was arrested and held at Ellis Island until released on bond. He expected to be deported but thought it would be to France. When the order came he found he was being sent to Spain and to what he felt was certain death.

Pedro was referred to the Council only five days before deportation was to take place. The Council immediately took the case up with government officials, pointed out the inhumanity of returning Pedro to Spain, and a day before deportation obtained a stay, pending further study of the case. The Council found further that Pedro would not have to be sent back to Europe at all if he could get a visa for entry into another country. Through the Basque Delegation a visa to enter Venezuela, where he had friends, was obtained. The Intergovernmental Committee on Refugees agreed to pay the costs of such a trip. Early last summer the Venezuelan visa arrived, and a week later Pedro was on a Pan-American plane headed for a home in the new world.

Locating an uncle and aunt in America with no information other than their names, might seem a hopeless task, yet

that is what the Council did in the case of Stefan Z--, a Ukrainian boy in Germany's Central Brunswick camp for displaced persons. Last Christmas he found the name of a California woman in a pair of war relief socks. He wrote, asking her to help find his aunt and uncle, his only surviving relatives. From the knitter of the socks his appeal went to the San Diego Red Cross, thence to the State Department's adviser on refugees and displaced persons, and from there to the Council.

The Council sent a short story, along with its regular weekly press releases, to the 14 Ukrainian papers published in this country. It caught the eye of Uncle Ivan and Aunt Thecla when it appeared in *Narodna Volya*, Scranton weekly. Today Stefan is in touch with them and, if Congress passes the Stratton bill, he looks forward to joining them in Pennsylvania.

Stefan, Pedro, and Mr. T-- are only three of several thousand men and women helped this year by the Council—help which is often a decisive factor in the lives of the individuals immediately concerned, and which contributes both to better intergroup understanding and to an appreciation of what America stands for.

THE FIRST SESSION OF THE 80TH CONGRESS adjourned at the end of July without taking final action on most of the measures which the Council is currently supporting.

The failure to enact the Stratton bill, or a similar measure to admit to the United States a fair share of Europe's displaced persons, came as a severe disappointment to the many Americans who believe the United States should lead in solving this humanitarian problem. The outlook for affirmative action at the next session, while not unfavorable, depends on the continuing pressure of public opinion.

The House Subcommittee on Immigration and Naturalization has completed extensive hearings, in the course of which Secretary of State Marshall, Secretary of War Patterson, and Attorney General Clark added their pleas to those of the President. The Senate on the last day of the session adopted a resolution authorizing its Judiciary Committee to make "a full and complete investigation of our entire immigration system," including "the situation with respect to displaced persons in Europe," but by approving an amendment specifying that the Committee's report on the displaced persons question should be made not later than January 10, 1948, it indicated that the investigation would not be allowed to obstruct action. Between now and January Council members are urged, wherever possible, to see their Congressmen and Senators and let them know how they feel about the United States opening its doors to a fair share of the men, women, and children in the displaced persons' camps.

A bill to eliminate racial discriminations from our naturalization laws, long advocated by the Council, was introduced near the close of the session in both House and Senate. It would amend Section 303 of the Nationality Act to read: "The right to become a naturalized citizen shall not be denied or abridged because of race." This right, originally given only to "white persons" and "persons of African nativity or descent," has been extended in recent years to "the descendants of races indigenous to the continents of North or South America," the Chinese, Filipinos, and natives of India. In place of these piecemeal concessions to a United Nations' viewpoint, the time has come, the Council believes, for a simple, comprehensive measure, which everybody can understand, striking all racial discriminations from our nationality laws. A dramatic gesture of that sort would profit

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the United States. It would strengthen our American position in the Far East, improve our international relations in general, and be an act of justice to those aliens among us who are still denied citizenship solely because of race. Council members are urged to support the bills in question (H.R. 4418 and S. 1655), introduced by Representative Judd of Minnesota and Senator McGrath of Rhode Island.

That Congress is not unmindful of this issue is indicated by the progress this past session of a number of bills involving questions of race. The House passed and sent to the Senate H.R. 3566, extending the Attorney General's discretion to suspend deportation, in deserving cases, to aliens racially ineligible to naturalization—as well as to those who have resided continuously in the United States for seven years or more; also H.R. 3999, authorizing the adjudication and payment of claims for damage to or loss of property by persons of Japanese ancestry evacuated from our West Coast and Hawaii during the war; and H.R. 29, abolishing the poll tax as a requirement for voting in federal elections. A bill which has already become law extended the benefits of the War Brides Act—for a limited period—to aliens otherwise racially inadmissible to the United States.

THE JUDGES IN THE COUNCIL'S CONTEST for the best editorial printed in a foreign-language newspaper in the United States on the subject of overcoming group prejudice now have before them editorials submitted by newspapers printed in 15 different languages—Albanian, Czech, Danish, French, German, Greek, Hungarian, Italian, Norwegian, Polish, Russian, Slovene, Spanish, Ukrainian, and Yiddish—and published in all sections of the country, California to Massachu-

setts and Texas to Wisconsin. The winners will be announced early in the fall.

SPANISH, WITH 130 PUBLICATIONS, NOW leads the 39 languages in which the 1,010 non-English newspapers and periodicals in the United States are published, according to a recent survey made by the Council under the direction of Yaroslav J. Chyz, manager of its foreign-language press division. This is the first time in the more than 200 years since the first non-English newspaper was published in 1739 in Germantown, Pennsylvania, that the German press in the United States has dropped to second place in the number of publications.

The Council's press releases go out every week in Spanish, German, and 17 other languages to most of these 1,010 publications. Recent releases have included a series on locating civilians abroad, for the dispersal of families to unknown addresses is one of the tragedies of war which bears especially on foreign-born Americans. Other releases have included an article by the State Department on "American Public Opinion and Foreign Policy," "The United Nations and Human Rights," "Immigration and Naturalization Questions and Answers," "A Message to Parents about Infantile Paralysis." Utah's centennial celebration was the occasion for an illuminating article on American history.

QUESTIONNAIRES TO SAMPLE THE REACTIONS of foreign-language broadcasters to the Council's weekly Radio Bulletin have brought favorable responses from 62 stations in 23 states. "Fine information and suggestions. We incorporate it in our radio talks, newscasts, also keep it on file for inquiries from our listeners." This comment from WJBK of Detroit was echoed by broadcasters and program di-

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rectors responsible for programs in 18 different languages: "Our newsroom has found your material very helpful"—wwsw, Pittsburgh. "Very useful"—wjOB, Hammond, Indiana. "Of great help, especially on anniversaries of events and people"—weW, St. Louis. "Most useful"—wCAL, Northfield, Minnesota. "Very good"—KNEL, Brady, Texas. While designed primarily for foreign-language programs, the Council's Bulletin is also used by those broadcasting exclusively in English. "Enjoy these bulletins very much and find them quite useful," wrote Moulton Kelsey, NBC commentator. "The calendar of events is excellent," said Mortimer Dank, CBS; "suggest it be expanded."

In order better to promote intergroup understanding and interpret American life and democracy to foreign-language listeners, the Council's weekly Radio Bulletin is being expanded this fall. An up-to-date list and report on the radio stations in the U.S. broadcasting foreign-language programs has been prepared under the direction of Jacques F. Ferrand, chief of the Council's radio division.

PUBLICATION IN COMMON GROUND of Rev. A. Ritchie Low's article, "Invitation to Vermont," in the summer of 1946, has resulted in many communities adopting his idea for promoting friendly race relations by inviting groups of Negro children to spend summer vacations in the homes of white families and vice versa. The Council knows of eleven localities which have put the plan into operation in one form or another in as many states—California, Colorado, Connecticut, Illinois,

Indiana, Maine, Massachusetts, Minnesota, New York, Rhode Island, Vermont—and there are undoubtedly many more.

INTERPRETER RELEASES, the Council's special information service on immigration, naturalization, and related ethnic and social problems, are the subject of a new folder issued this fall for the purpose of making the Releases, now in their 24th year, available to a wider public. Among those already using these special articles, reports, and legislative bulletins are hundreds of social and civic organizations, adult education agencies, libraries, schools and colleges, government officials, foreign embassies and consulates, newspapers, nationality organizations, lawyers, patriotic societies, chambers of commerce, and other agencies interested in Americanization.

The International Institute in Philadelphia calls the Releases "a rich source of information . . . increasingly useful to our community and group workers." Dr. Maurice R. Davie, Chairman of the Department of Sociology, Yale University, writes, "Interpreter Releases are an indispensable source for the specialist or anyone else who is interested in current developments in the field of immigration, naturalization, and the foreign-born. Timely, convenient, and authoritative, they provide a handy record of significant happenings, views, and trends in this area of vital interest."

The editor of Interpreter Releases, Frank L. Auerbach, will give a course this fall at the New York School of Social Work, Columbia University, on Immigration and Naturalization Problems in Social Work Practice.

• The Bookshelf •

CONDUCTED BY HENRY C. TRACY

OUR GOVERNMENT—ITS RISE, SHAPING AND TRADITION

THE SHAPING OF THE AMERICAN TRADITION. By Louis M. Hacker. In two volumes. New York: Columbia University Press. 1247 pp. \$10

THE WEB OF GOVERNMENT. By Robert M. MacIver. New York: Macmillan. \$4.50

Professor Hacker's important work presents, with comment, documents from the American scene as it appeared to leaders and thinkers at the time when policies and traditions were shaping. In effect a political and economic history, this well organized work recognizes eleven periods from early settlement to the New Deal; closes each division with a section on the United States and the world. Impressive, objective, with a fresh approach, the book is for mature readers competent to distinguish true and false in views and statements that carried weight, shaped policy, and at times endangered the Union itself. As we read John C. Calhoun's "Disquisition on Government" now, we understand better why disunity appeared, was ably defended, and plunged the country into civil war. Other instances abound, of disruptive influences, some of them aligned with those that trouble us today.

Robert M. MacIver's *The Web of Government*—no technical treatise—makes clear to any reader the way in which a sound government arises from the personal and social needs of the people; how it had its rise in family organization and has been extended to meet the necessities of a complex society to such a point that its laws and regulations have ob-

scured the primary intent. Highly significant is the point made here, that while laws control specific interests, there is a wide range of matters arranged by accord and understanding—a field not subject to legal regulation—and this also is government, and entirely under our control, responsible for the tone and moral of human relations. These relations are not, cannot be, controlled by laws. The author builds toward the concept of a multi-group society, culturally free from pressure by an all-regulating state.

William Harlan Hale's *The March of Freedom*, which he calls "A Layman's History of the American People" (Harper. \$3), well earns the subtitle. It gives us the concrete story of the way our social and economic habits came to be what they are, developing in forms not under control of government, and in recurring patterns, since colonial times. He shows that some group with the initial advantage of property and brains has persistently sought control of each region; that with the growth of money-power and interlocking capital we tend to have, instead of the limited "private worlds" of southern planters and northern factory owners, a moneyed class in economic control of the entire country.

In *Lions Under the Throne*, by Charles P. Curtis, Jr. (Houghton Mifflin. \$3.50), we find a clear account of our Supreme Court, what it does, and why. Designed to bring the government down to us as individuals, confirming our rights, its decisions have often been loaded in favor of a propertied class, against the escaped slave, against the relief of labor. The book

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stands as a fine critique on the function and powers of the Supreme Court. Keenly analytical, superbly ironic at times, wisely discerning, it shows the Court as in no sense a holy mystery but as something quite human and fallible.

Edward S. Corwin's *Total War and the Constitution* (Knopf. \$2.50) is timely, for it follows the logic of effects of total war as they spread through peacetime, and discusses fully the matter of emergency powers that have been claimed and used by our presidents, almost unchallenged, but have now become an issue between Congress and the Executive. These lectures give a detailed record of such powers used in the late war, and their possible effects or tendencies.

20th Century Congress by Estes Kefauver and Dr. Jack Levin (Duell, Sloan and Pearce. \$3) is a liberal Congressman's account of our federal legislative machinery and a strong plea for reorganization to correct flagrant faults which have already caused loss of prestige, and a cynical attitude toward all legislation, and are a real peril not only to right handling of national problems but to our success in UN relations.

Fighting for Freedom by Harold A. Hansen, John G. Herndon, and William B. Langsdorf (Winston. \$4.50) brings together a group of historic documents dealing with the rise of fascism, the nature of its threat to democracy, and the course of the conflict brought on by its aggressions. Each of the ten sections and their subdivisions is introduced by an interpretive passage by the editors, making the book not merely a history of our time but a clear-cut outline of the issue between totalitarianism and democracy.

Professor Alvin H. Hansen's *Economic Policy and Full Employment* (Whittlesey House. \$4) implements the facts of history to show that economic planning, no longer a concern merely of farmers and small businessmen, has become a responsibility of government in an industrialized and urbanized society; warns that current stress on immediate dangers (as inflation) tends to the neglect of long-time planning for the stability that can alone insure full employment, social stability, freedom, with co-operation as a basis for successful living. Basic policies for such a program are fully discussed, including taxes, wages, investment, interest rate, and debt management.

BACKGROUNDS IN BIOGRAPHY

William Frye's *Marshall: Citizen Soldier* (Bobbs-Merrill. \$3.75) reveals for George C. Marshall a background of family tradition in which was a core of moral integrity and fair dealing blended with the habit of command; all of which traits have been tested to the full in a career that made him one of the most important figures of the war, and thereafter the most trusted servant of the State. To these background traits add those of self-sacrifice and self-effacement, displayed in crises

that repeatedly occur in the life-story here told.

Russell Lord's *The Wallaces of Iowa* (Houghton Mifflin. \$5) is the chronicle of a family that for generations has carried the banner of independent action with a social motive so high it has been visible throughout the land. Its member now in the limelight is no exception. Public-spirited men, these farmer-editors and statesmen have worn no man's collar but worked for the good of all men.

Julian Dana's *A. P. Gianini* (Prentice-Hall. \$4.50) carries all the verve and tempo of a career that began in the American truck garden of an Italian family fresh from Genoa and ended at the top of a banking concern that has fifteen thousand employees—a concern designed to aid the small businessman and guard the interests of the many. Its founder and builder is against exploitation, intolerance, prejudice; has said that “every race and creed has something important to contribute to our economy, our culture, and to our spiritual progress.”

Franklin D. Roosevelt by Alden Hatch (Holt. \$3) is an informal biography of FDR for younger readers, with the charm of early days in it, the shadow of great events, and the glow of an ardent personality shining through. The real man emerges in a clear portrait.

Matthew Henson, whose life-story Bradley Robinson tells in *Dark Companion* (McBride. \$3.50), was co-discoverer of the North Pole with Peary and the only man the explorer found indispensable in braving the Arctic storms and perils. It is a grim tale of brutal hardship and heroic endurance—the white leader

dependent on his Negro companion's resourcefulness and skill. But for some readers the greater story comes earlier in the book—telling of the black boy of twelve, orphaned, beaten, abused, escaping to sea, learning to buffet his way through a hostile world without once compromising his integrity or his self-respect.

J. G. Randall's *Lincoln, the Liberal Statesman* (Dodd, Mead. \$4.50) clears that slight haziness that still exists in some minds about the real character and stature of Lincoln. This scholarly examination of fact and legend by a profound student of his subject reveals an unpopular statesman, elected by men not quite in sympathy with his ideals—or even aware of them—standing out against both reaction and extreme radicalism. The search shows us a human, understandable person with a truly liberal credo.

Knudsen by Norman Beasley (Whittlesey House. \$3.75) is more than a success story. It tells of this Danish-born worker's contribution to the building up of a great industry and a rise to the top that was the result of his capacity to learn all that each successive boss or employer could teach him—and improve on it.

BEHIND THOSE IRON CURTAINS

The scene of John L. Stroh's “*Just Tell the Truth*” (Scribners. \$3.50) is rural Russia, and his is an amazing story of courage and heroic struggle carried on with good heart, with women and young girls as heroes of the postwar farm front, since men are few and needed in industry. But oldsters of eighty are out too, swinging scythes from dawn to dusk on treeless steppes. Their response to friendly approaches from an American ex-editor (the *Prairie Farmer*) is moving in the extreme.

We can only love and admire such folk as Stroh portrays and wish them well.

John Fischer, in *Ukraine for the UNRRA*, wrote *Why They Behave Like Russians* (Harper. \$2.75). He explains that the people inherit from Czarist Russia the tradition of a tightly policed military state. People accept it as they do the weather, knowing no other. He believes it inevitable in the light of their history; adds, “we could do nothing to change it, even if it were any of our business.” Like

Strohm, he confirms the courage, industry, and friendliness of the people and finds the farms the best index of improved status for Soviet citizens.

Edgar Snow in *Stalin Must Have Peace* (Random House. \$2.50) appeals to us to inform ourselves about the Russians, which we can do only if we put ourselves in their place—consider their staggering losses in men, machines, industries, crops, cattle, and towns and villages laid waste. Too, we must understand what Marxism means to them, not what it means to us. Obviously Stalin must have peace, but the ideas and motives expressed so blatantly in our press, so widely accepted as right, and too often reflected by our diplomats, compel him to be prepared for war.

Above are three serious studies. Not so Oriana Atkinson's *Over at Uncle Joe's* (Bobbs-Merrill. \$3), in which an exuberant American woman (Mrs. Brooks Atkinson) tells us what it was like to live in Moscow shortly after World War II. There were predicaments and aggravations, but never taken seriously. The book is a brainstorm of hilarious comment on situations by which the author

refused to be downed. It should relieve the tension created by dour press comment on the news. High point in humorous narrative—the chapter on the Metro-pole Hotel.

All curtains are not iron. Bartley C. Crum's *Behind the Silken Curtain* (Simon & Schuster. \$3) shows a normal American citizen, who happens to be on the Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry on Palestine, stunned by the duplicity and intrigue found in the handling of the problem by diplomats on all sides. His conclusion: The U.S. must have a foreign policy based on principle, not expediency, and the same for all lands.

The scene of Edmond Taylor's *Richer by Asia* (Houghton Mifflin. \$3.75) is the east border of wartime India, where even as an officer of the o.s.s. he sought to know the mind and feelings of the people—Hindu, Burnese, and the wild tribes of the hills. Mental fogs, he found, in the shape of institutional delusions, are the curtains that fall between folk of the East and of the West. He has sensed in basic religion—to which the East responds most strongly—common ground for human unity.

THEY DISCOVER "ONE WORLD"

Richard O. Boyer, seaman on *The Dark Ship* (Little, Brown. \$2.75), discovered "one world" through experience, quickened and pointed by membership in the National Maritime Union. The stories of individual seamen are told here, men who saw the rise of the NMU and suffered in its birth pangs. As national history, Boyer finds this as exciting and important as the battle of Lexington.

Army chaplain Morris N. Kertzer, writing *With an H on My Dog Tag* (Behr-

man. \$2.75), found that a Jewish rabbi, a Catholic padre, and a Protestant minister could know the peace of brotherhood in crowded quarters behind the lines at Anzio; could make real what had been but an abstraction, and could in a measure share it with men of all faiths whom they served on the world stage. The author's sensitive touch and deep perception yield a fresh view of the war experience. A luminous book.

The Purple Testament, edited by Don

THE BOOKSHELF

M. Wolfe (Doubleday. \$2.50), is the memory record of what a hundred men—disabled veterans—felt and saw on strange beaches, deserts, troopships, planes, and in fox holes. Here is a wide range of material—fears and hopes, laughs and bitter moments—but over all is diffused a unity that proceeds, as one veteran has put it, from a rendezvous with “that mysterious being of the innerself” that can sometimes be discovered only on the farthest reaches of alien shores in a world that in common life had been narrow, cramped, and provincial.

Mbonu Ojike, from Nigeria, who has worked, studied, and lectured here, has now written *I Have Two Countries* (John Day. \$2.75). Earlier, in *My Africa*, telling of a boy's emergence from tribal village life, he made us feel that the problems of an awakened mind are the same everywhere. Now he contributes further to the spirit of world unity by showing that what happens to an African either here or there concerns not only him but all of us, everywhere. Leaving for home in Africa, he writes: “I have two countries: Nigeria and the rest of the world.”

STUDIES OF AMERICAN LIFE

Homer Croy's *Corn Country*, of the American Folkways Series (Duell, Sloan and Pearce. \$3.50), gives us the life of the corn states in an easy, folksy style flavored with native midwest humor, anecdote, and incident. Missouri-born, the author knows his folklore, but beyond that digs deep for authentic data on points as varied as the authorship of “Home on the Range” and the creation of hybrid seed corn, base for the biggest business now in corn-country economy.

Ernie Pyle's *Home Country* (William Sloane. \$3.75) collects his columns formerly scattered through the press before 1940, the result of five years of wandering through all the states and over the boundary. His best work—as he said when he asked that they be published, as he left for the Pacific Theatre. He was right. This writing has permanent value, sensitivity, and a wide range of interests as well as freshness and humor.

Julia Neal's *By Their Fruits* (University of North Carolina Press. \$3.50) unveils a little known development from within the framework of the American

Dream. For the shaking Quakers whom Ann Lee, a factory worker from Toad Lane, England, led to these shores in 1774, religious ecstasy was a part of that dream as well as thrift and self-dependence. The Shakers combined these in their communal enterprise in South Union, Kentucky, varying farming and industry with prayers and dances, with such success that they were the envy of the neighborhood.

Big Country: Texas by Donald Day, a true Texan, is another of the American Folkway Series (Duell, Sloan and Pearce. \$3.50). The author stresses the fighting spirit of the settlers who carved out a republic for themselves and are still independent—citizens of “a state of mind” rather than a political union. The spirit and challenge of this wide sweep of country produced the toughest men, the biggest ranches, the greatest oil boom; also millionaires and share-croppers, politics and explosives, Negro ballads and folk-songs, and conflicting cultures. King Cotton, a discredited dictator, must go. For

COMMON GROUND

tomorrow the author presages "a people with good incomes, proper living conditions, high standards of public health, a sober Christian approach to religion and a balance between agriculture and industry."

Ozark Superstitions by Vance Randolph (Columbia University Press. \$3.75) is the fruit of years of close association with the Ozark folk, long patience, and tactful inquiry. The author won the confidence of these secretive people, was told things never revealed to a stranger. Beliefs recorded here are incredibly old, some rites stemming from pagan ages. Here are signs, charms, herb-cures, birth-codes, rules for courtship and marriage and burials—relics of a folk-life that was old before Columbus sailed west.

Fairfax Downey in *Our Lusty Forefathers* (Scribners. \$4.50) tells of country sports and courtships, travelers' tales and tavern frolics, of a folk who from 1740 to 1840 drank, danced, feasted, loved, and

fought from Boston to the Gulf and the Virginia tidewater to the Rockies. Too, there are sober narratives like that of the genesis of the great Morgan horse, a good chronicle. Main intent: to prove our forefathers were less strait-laced than reputed.

Howard Odum's *Way of the South* (Macmillan. \$3) deals with factors of race and caste that clouded native exuberance at three cultural levels and left for the fourth—the planter class—only a brief enjoyment of wealth and leisure at the expense of the other three, yeoman farmer, poor white, and chattel slave. Cultural balance and better promise for the future now rests on an agrarian middle class. Three closing chapters outline what the South needs and wants, how to get it, and the chance of solving its special problems in our time. In the large, Odum finds the problem one of "quality civilization in a quantitative world." Regional culture, he feels, must not be sacrificed to technological change.

STRONGHOLDS OF PREJUDICE

Katherine Archibald's *Wartime Shipyard* (University of California Press. \$3.75) is a study in social disunity. The author's three years in a West Coast shipyard where she functioned as a worker, but was doing research, were both a shock and a revelation. Pre-formed logical theory broke against massive fact. She found prejudice at all levels, and not as the result of a fear of insecurity; rather of that precious sense of personal superiority which every worker hugged to his or her bosom. Each must apparently have some race, class, or sex to look down upon as "inferior." This is a fine analysis of mass prejudice among workers. Stemming as they do from false social concepts, remedies for such at-

titudes must be applied at the cultural source. Forced social behavior is no answer, the author concludes.

Milton L. Barron's *People Who Inter-marry* (Syracuse University Press. \$3) gives first the theory and history of intermarriage and its control, civil or religious; then a study of it as observed in a New England industrial community. As in Mrs. Archibald's findings above, the choices are dominated by attitudes bred by in-group patterns. This reduces the number of intermarriages between those of different nationalities, races, faiths.

Nathan Zuckerman's *The Wine of Violence* (Association Press. \$5) is an anthology of anti-Semitism, with historic

THE BOOKSHELF

documents dating from the time of the Macabees to the Nazi ghetto laws of 1938. All passages are from writings or speeches recorded and available in English. Many will be new to the reader, and startlingly expressive, terse, memorable. Here too are lists of organizations devoted to fighting bigotry at the present time, with official addresses and statements of their purposes and publications, with a special supplement on Negro-Jewish relations.

Bucklin Moon's title *The High Cost of Prejudice* (Messner. \$2.50), indicates the price we pay for intolerance in lives,

human wealth, and cultural values. The author of *Primer for White Folks* assembles, from years of research, proof on the cost of discrimination in unions, the Army, politics, business, and the entire social and economic life of the country.

Eva Knox Evans explains to young children in *All About Us* (Capitol. \$2) why we are different and ought to be, and why it is silly to make a fuss about it. The book is in story form and told with lively talk and pictures in a way that should save many a child from becoming a victim of the psychosis known as race prejudice. A delightful and useful book.

NOVELS AND STORIES OF LIBERATION

Jacques Roumain's *Masters of the Dew*, translated by Langston Hughes and Mercer Cook (Reynal & Hitchcock. \$2.50), is a novel of Haiti. By its symbolism it speaks for the poor and oppressed of any land and brings hope for their liberation. This is poignant writing, shot through with fire and light, tempered with a deep human wisdom. Roumain died a few days after completing the novel, which, pyramiding to tragedy, presages his own end. Five times imprisoned for his championship of the masses, Roumain's death was the effect of ills suffered. But he had sparked the movement in Haiti that overthrew a dictatorship. Of the French "first families," he gave up all to work with and for the exploited Negroes of Haiti.

The poor of Harry Sylvester's *Moon Gaffney* (Holt. \$2.75) live in the slums of New York City. When Gaffney, young aspirant for political preferment, makes chance discovery of the lot of the underprivileged—workers, Negroes, Jews, among the city's poor—the empty life of the

socially secure and snobbish among his own circle of favored sons and daughters of successful politicians, revolts him. How he breaks with it to live for the greater good, is the story. The author spares none who wear the veil of prejudice, whether in society, the church, or in official citadels of privilege.

Millen Brand's *Albert Sears* (Simon & Schuster. \$2.75) is the story of an uncompromising, tough-minded white man, no liberal and no crusader, yet whose deep sense of right and justice makes him come to the aid of a Negro family moving into his white neighborhood. It is a quiet story, written with restraint and perceptive depth and power.

White Shadows by Guy Nunn (Reynal & Hitchcock. \$2.75) is the odyssey of a Mexican family, from an exodus after oppression by pre-Cardenas landlordism, through much suffering at the hands of *gringos* this side the border and bitter years of adjustment under discrimination, to find security under the aegis of a Congreso known by its leaders as the *cio*.

The author, a government specialist in wartime Mexican labor problems, knows his field. *White Shadows* is fiction that reveals what is tragic with a deep wisdom; what is sordid, with humor.

Knock on Any Door by Willard Motley (Appleton-Century. \$3) is the gripping story of Nick Romano's descent step by step downgrade through every phase of delinquency and vice to the ultimate crime. Nick did not commit the petty theft that sent him at fourteen to the reform school, but it was there that he learned hate of civil authority and contempt for law. In a city (here Chicago) that lets vice and crime multiply and maintains the conditions that breed them, he soon qualified for, and at twenty-one committed, the murder that sent him to the chair. Motley writes with passionate intensity and power. The courtroom scene alone covers a hundred pages. If this novel makes the public aware of social guilt for the corrosion to which city boys are exposed, it will have fulfilled its mission. For a potential Nick, go down Maxwell Street. "Knock on any door."

The crime in David Almon's *The Hourglass* (Simon & Shuster. \$2.75) is one which, in certain sections, the public condones and for which the courts will not convict: acquired beliefs and prejudices excuse the white man who attacks a Negro woman. A "respectable" lawyer, guilty of the crime and condoning it, prepares to perjure himself in the mock trial that follows it, then breaks with his crowd at the last moment and confesses—not from the noble impulse, but from fear of losing a woman who'd despise a coward. Well told, and a fine analysis of social motivation and individual variance from the group pattern.

The children in Martin Flavin's *The Enchanted* (Harper. \$3) have not been infected with the blight of prejudice. They are waifs from the war in Spain,

who drift through France, escape by ship from the German invasion, meet with adventures that leave the reader himself "enchanted" and better able to see life as the young see it. Best of its kind since *High Wind in Jamaica*.

Worth Tuttle Hedden's *The Other Room* (Crown. \$2.75) takes a Virginia-born ("first families") heroine to New Orleans to teach in a Negro college. The episode reflects an experience the author has known; hence the vividness and authenticity of the story. Prejudice, she discovers, dissolves in the great solvent—participation. A subtly handled theme, and important.

When Greek Meets Greek, short stories by George Demetrios (Houghton Mifflin. \$2.75), brings us a real folk flavor from the mountain Greeks, as only one born and bred among them could convey it. To his narrative gift Demetrios adds expressive line drawings as illustrations.

For *Americans One and All*, editors Harry Shaw and Ruth Davis select short stories of distinction (Harper. \$3.50) about new citizens of diverse national origins under the impact of a new life in which the old characteristics prove their worth, or traits earlier unrecognized flower in a freer environment. Here is the puzzled Slovene of Frank Mlakar's "My Uncle Poldé," baffled till he learns that America can be born in one who was frustrate and a misfit elsewhere. But here, too, in Nancy Hale's "All He Ever Wanted" is the Finnish girl who has the secret of a world inside the self that keeps her poised in any setting, freed from the need of "special places, special people" to give a sense of wholeness. A Papashvily Russian, a Milla Logan Serbian, a Paul Green Negro, and a score of others bring humor and pathos, hope, struggle, dream, and aspiration in the many vital and vivid forms in which our new Americans experience them.

— HARPER BOOKS —

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AMERICANS ONE AND ALL

Edited by Harry Shaw and Ruth Davis

Richly varied in theme and mood, these stories by 23 distinguished writers show the common humanity of all Americans. Heroes and heroines represent the many strains that make up America—Irish, Negro, Indian, Russian, German, Slav, Czech, Mexican and many more. The total effect is a dramatic view of the men and women who have made our country what it is today. "AMERICANS ONE AND ALL is a fine weapon in the struggle against bigotry."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*. \$3.50

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UNDERSTANDING**

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**LABOR'S RELATION TO CHURCH
AND COMMUNITY**

Edited by Liston Pope, Associate Professor of Social Ethics,
Yale University Divinity School

More than fifteen notable authorities here supply a new approach to the aims of labor and the relation of labor unions to other elements of the community. Here six prominent labor leaders articulate the values and faiths by which they strive to live and to lead labor. Contributors include T. North Whitehead, Mark Starr, Kermit Eby, Lucy Randolph Mason. Published for the *Institute for Religious and Social Studies*. \$2.50

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The distinguished sociologist, Howard W. Odum, has written a warm flesh-and-blood biography of the South that throws new light on many important problems which are too frequently considered in abstract terms—the people and their ways, work, wealth and poverty, race relations, caste and class, conflicting regional attitudes.

Dr. Odum sets out to discover what is unique about the South, and why; what is "American" about the South, and how it fits into the whole American pattern; and finally, what can be done to produce "the South at its best," set in the framework of the nation. He analyzes the various levels of culture in the South, the role of religion, the position of women, education, folk music and art, the War and Reconstruction. He takes up the mystery of Southern leadership—once so able, now so lacking—and discusses such figures as Talmadge and Huey Long. Finally, he describes the current attitudes of Negroes and whites in both North and South.

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"We are given an exceptionally balanced account, both of the South's distinctive culture and the strong diversities among the Southern people."—KATHARINE DU PRE LUMPKIN, *Philadelphia Inquirer*

Howard W. Odum's

THE WAY

OF THE SOUTH

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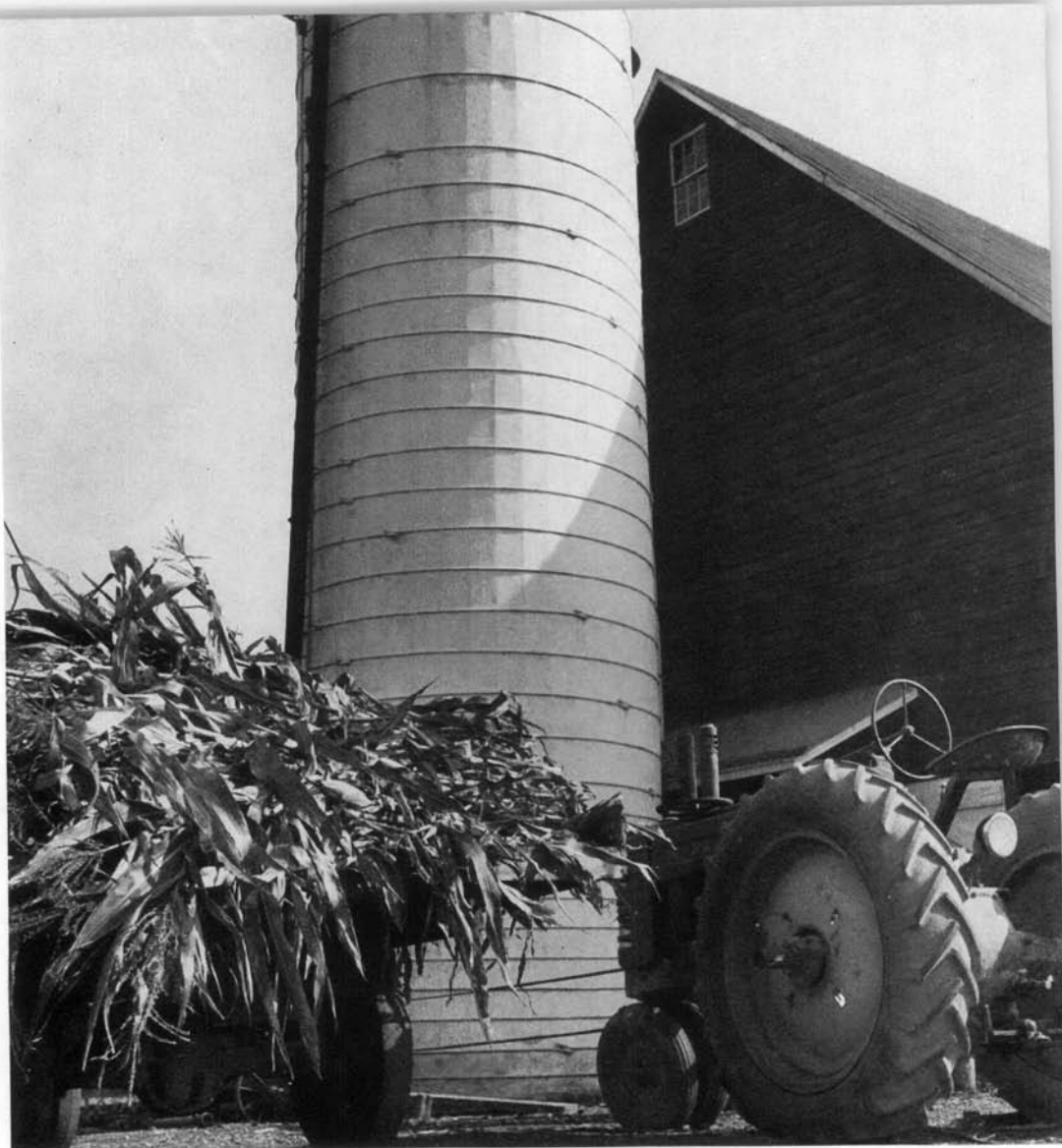
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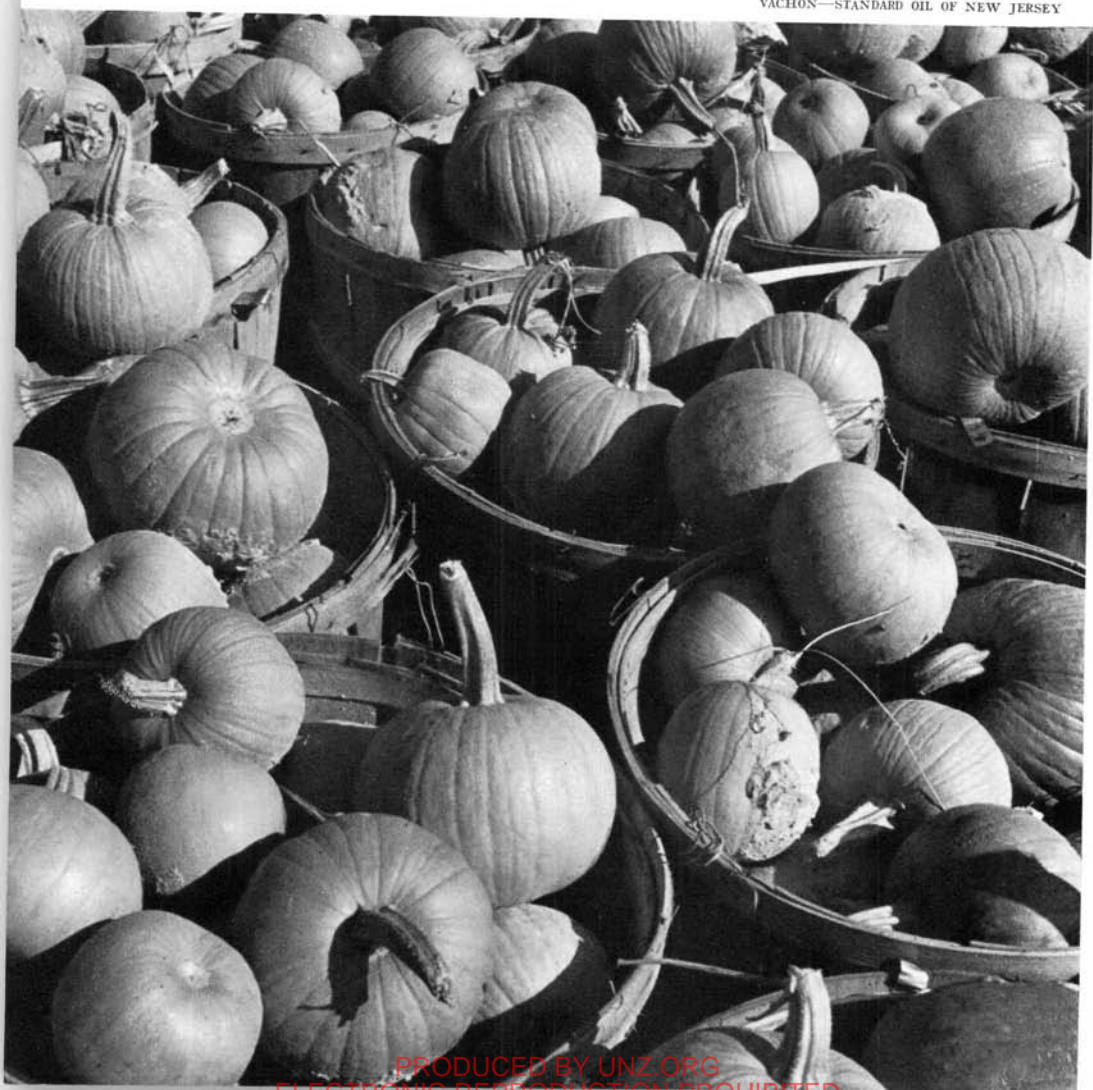


VACHON—STANDARD OIL OF NEW JERSEY

Filling silo—Maryland

Pumpkins—Maryland

VACHON—STANDARD OIL OF NEW JERSEY





LIBSOHN—STANDARD OIL OF NEW JERSEY

Tomatoes—New York

Harvesting spinach—Long Island

BADGER—STANDARD OIL OF NEW JERSEY



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LIBSOHN—STANDARD OIL OF NEW JERSEY

*Wheat stalks in a
Pennsylvania field*



LIBSOHN—STANDARD OIL OF NEW JERSEY

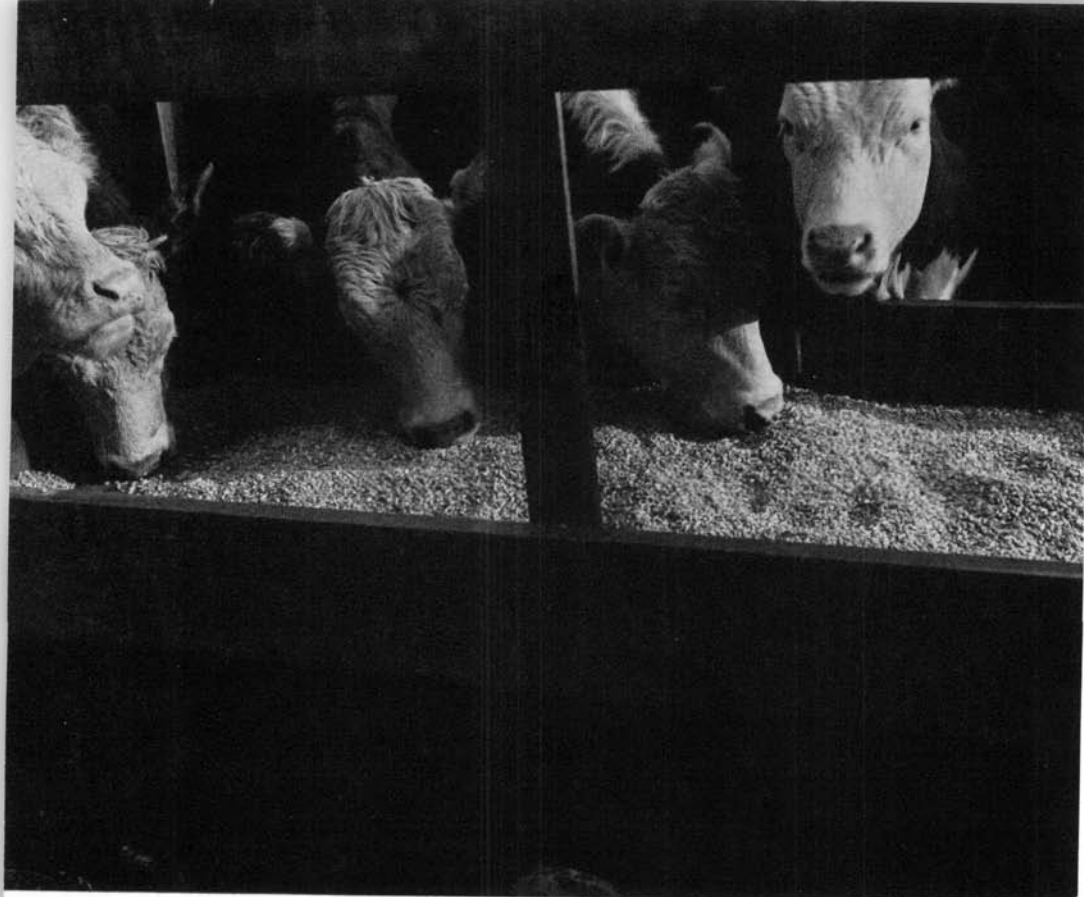
*Rice in the field—
Louisiana*

*Picking green peppers—
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